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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 861. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1923. TWOPENCE.

NECKTIES FREE.

See Page 4.
(Blank Cat Advt.)

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

Over 8,000 Insurance Benefits paid

FOR GOUT, RHEUMATISM AND ACUTE KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Nurse Dickens explains a natural and permanent cure at home by the same treatment as used in hospitals.

NUMEROUS pain—and disease-causing impurities which clog the organs of filtration are always *acid-lous*; therefore the drinking of strongly alkaline water offers the best and only logical means of neutralising and washing them out. Remember that the waters of such world-famous medicinal springs as those at Chatel Guyon, Contrexeville, Evian, Vittel, Ems, Carlsbad, Marienbad, and others equally celebrated but difficult and expensive to get to, *are all strongly alkaline.* This is the secret of their wonderful effects. When we consider the thousands who have visited these famous health resorts and the marvellous results produced, nothing further need be said about the merits of alkaline water as compared with powerful drugs, noxious medicines, nerve-depressing salts and bromides, or any other forms of treatment. Neglecting to thoroughly flush out the kidneys occasionally not only results sooner or later in backache, rheumatism, uric acid disorders, etc., but if continued long enough it is even capable of bringing on such dreaded maladies as Dropsy, Bright's Disease, or Diabetes. Other serious results may be kidney or bladder stones, which are formed by the crystallisation of uric acid, urates or other salts. This is due to the lack of sufficient alkaline elements to keep the uric acid dissolved, which, therefore, is not expelled. Gall stones may also be produced by inflammation of the gall bladder changing the bile so that certain component elements become insoluble. These stones by blocking up the bile duct or grinding back and forth cause acute agony. High blood pressure and calcification or hardening of the arteries, liver and other organs are also due to similar causes. Aged persons are by no means the only ones subject to these afflictions. When the arteries lose their elasticity and are therefore unable to equalise the blood pressure by expanding or contracting, the strain on the heart becomes serious or even dangerous. Any sudden exertion, shock or excitement can prove fatal in advanced cases. With such developments as Hardened Arteries, Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Stones, Gravel, etc., it is not my purpose to deal here. If their existence is even suspected they should receive the personal attention of a good physician or surgeon without delay, for delay may be dangerous and any attempt at self-treatment is to be strongly deprecated. It is only with their prevention that we have to deal here, and obviously the most logical way to prevent them is by regularly and thoroughly cleansing the entire system of the constantly developing impurities and poisons. Call these microbes, bacilli, toxins, bacteria, stomach acids, uric acid, or by any other name you like, but they are all simply poisons or body impurities which form the primary cause of organic and other disease. It is only when you neglect the organs of filtration and excretion, however, that the impurities remain in the body long enough to do any harm.

IF YOUR KIDNEYS ONLY HAD WINDOWS

Then the cause of Backache, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, etc., would be no mystery and you would know what to do.

THIS ALKALINE WATER IS BETTER THAN MEDICINES TO CLEANSE THE LIVER, FLUSH THE KIDNEYS AND GET RID OF BODY ACIDS, POISONS, etc., etc.

It is a simple matter for anyone to prepare at home strongly alkaline medicinal water which contains essential mineral constituent ingredients similar to those found in the waters of various celebrated mineral springs. Any chemist can supply at little cost these same medicinal elements (as accurately ascertained by chemical analysis) already compounded in just the right proportions and in the form of an immediately soluble powder. The compound is well-known to chemists and medical men prescribe it by the registered name of Alkia Saltrates (powder form). Merely dissolve a level teaspoonful in a tumbler of hot water, and drink once or twice daily. This pleasant-tasting natural medicinal alkaline drink will promptly dissolve, neutralise and wash out the painful and disease, causing poisons or harmful body acids. It is astonishing to note how quickly aches and pains then disappear, and how soon a state of absolutely perfect physical health and fitness may be attained.

SPECIAL NOTE.—We are informed by Saltrates, Ltd. (Dept. 240.E.), Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1, who prepare a very high grade of Alkia Saltrates, that during the next ten days they are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply anyone interested in the product with a regular 1/6 size packet free if applicant cares to send sixpence for the postage, packing, etc.

Wonderful Reception of our New Insurance Benefits!

£500 paid to 3 readers this week!

THE flood of registrations which followed the announcement last week of "JOHN BULL'S" New Insurance Benefits, is proof positive of the tremendous welcome that has been given to our New Gift by our readers.

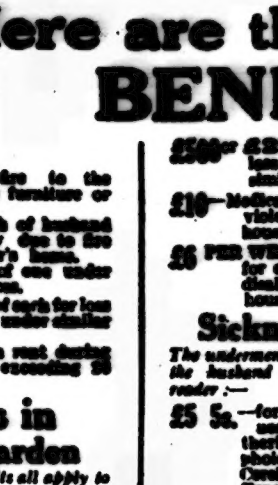
The practical value of our Insurance Gift is continually demonstrated in "JOHN BULL" by the long lists of benefits which we publish each week.

This week 274 of our readers benefit, but owing to lack of space we can only publish the names of a few. Amongst these will be noticed payment of a £250 Death Benefit and two benefits of £125 each for loss of Eye—£500 paid to three readers alone!

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID TO DATE

8,082

Fill in the Forms below To-Day!



This Revised List of Benefits which comes into force on 1st September 1923, binds, cancels and supersedes the existing Schedule of Benefits.

IMPORTANT.—Present Registered Readers who are fully entitled for the new Schedule of Benefits should cut it out and pin it to their Registration Certificates.

Here are the NEW BENEFITS

Fire

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to fire at registered reader's house.

£250—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home and Garden

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

Household Benefits

£300—to a rented by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300—loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£300—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

£5 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

Sickness Benefits

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£5 5s.—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever or "Spotted Fever", Anthrax, and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

Sports

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—

Football. Tennis.
Cricket. Hockey.
Golf. Lacrosse.

as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

Boating and Bathing

£250—if the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating the boat be not a passenger steamer.

£250 Death Benefit

paid to EDWARD HOWELLS, 92, High Street, Aberdare, S. Wales, on account of the accidental death of his wife at home.

£125 for Loss of Eye.

J. PRITCHARD, Busaden Hill, Nr. Bryforth Gloucester.

£125 for Loss of Eye.

J. CROAN, Olveston, Nr. Bristol.

FIRE up to £400.

£60—G. ANDERSON, West Field Farm Cottages, Little Hadham, Herts.

£40 10s.—Mrs. J. BLACKWELL, 10, [illegible] Street, Melton Mowbray.

£40—A. MCINTYRE, 119, Alexandra Parade, Glasgow.

£30—E. EDWARDS, Railway Lodge, Ramsey Heights, Hunts.

£21 11s.—F. C. BONFACE, 15, Cavendish Road, Eastbourne.

£20—A. FRASER, "The Cobbles," Appleton Thorn, Nr. Warrington.

£18—H. J. HINCH, 201, Seven Sisters Road, Tottenham, N.15.

£11 3s. 9d.—R. SQUIRE, Ivy Cottage, Burnham, Wrotham.

£10—T. LOCK, 5, Llanfair Hill, Gilt, Ystrad, Rhondda.

STORM up to £300.

£20—Mrs. J. ROBERTS, 120, Chapel Street, Newhaven.

£18 10s.—H. SUTTON, 5, College Flats, Vine Street, Hockley, Birmingham.

£16—J. E. SHAW, 3, Hatherton Road, Walsall, Staffs.

£15—W. H. B. NORMAN, 3, Hunting's Yard, Whittington Moor, Nr. Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 per Week.

£12—E. SMITH, 4, Havelock Street, Darfield, Nr. Barnsley.

£12—Mrs. F. WYNNE, 22, Grange Road, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

£12—Mrs. E. SLOMAN, 14, Marsh Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

£12—Mrs. POWARD, 55, Adam Street, Middlesbrough.

£12—Mrs. J. BENTHEY, 7, Cold Bathhurst, Preston, Lancs.

£12—W. STRANG, New Street, New Mill, Somerton, Somerset.

£12—E. DUNN, Esq., 22, Church Street, Bradford, Yorks.

£12—Mrs. M. A. HIGGS, 2, Radnor Street, Kings Cross, W.1.

£12—Mrs. E. MACGRAW, 61, First Street, Harden Colly, Co. Durham.

£12—Mrs. C. WEBB, 125, Gladstone Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS: Bonuses in regard of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

We have also paid hundreds of other benefits this week on account of Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness and Accidents, the announcement of which is held over owing to lack of space.

BUY HERE.

J B., 8.9.23

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date..... .....

One 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate acknowledging registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

BUY HERE.

J.B., 8.9.23.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

Date ....

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

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Address : The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 87-89, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wellfair's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 91, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants. Cut Lengths (wholesale only : list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 99, High Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS, MARKET MEN & BEGINNERS. —If you want real value in Remnants, Cut Lengths, and Ready-mades, get in touch with Levy's, Ltd., Manchester Warehousemen, 30a, Commercial Rd., London, E. Wholesale List free.

TEA Knives, E.P.N.S., coloured handles, 2/6 case. Sample, 4/3. Cheapest Manufacturing House for Sheffield Cutlery. List free.—Model Cutlery Co., Rockingham Street, Sheffield.

CRYING DOLLS, with real eyelashes. Beautiful Model Dressed Dolls that go to sleep, character and undressed dolls. Wonderful value and variety. For £5 we will send you the best sample range it is possible for any expert to select at nearly pre-war prices. Carriage paid and case free. Will show you 50 per cent. profit. Edward Jones, 5, Briggate, Leeds.

SHOPKEEPERS, send for Bargain list of Stationery, Pipes, Fancy Goods, Postcards, etc. —W. H. Jackson & Co. (Dept. J. B.), Grimsby.

GAS Mantles at nearly pre-war prices. All guaranteed perfect. Upright or inverted. Sample dozen sent on receipt of 3/-. Special prices for quantities.—Edward Jones, 5, Briggate, Leeds. Price list of other goods on application.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Mirrors, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to PREMIER, Contractors to H.M. Government, 105 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

XMAS Chocolate Clubs.—Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best maker only supplied. Particulars free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.

AGENTS, Awake!—New idea, now sold, now afixer for every home, every office, every shop, success guaranteed. Send 1/6 for samples.—Radion Co., 19, Brick Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

AGENTS WANTED.—Enormous success of all Agents for "Imperial Art" Series Xmas Cards, Trade and Personal Calendars, Loose Cards, Wallets, etc. Alluring sample album free. Highest commission. No outlay.—Write, Reed & Co., Publishers, Dept. "B," Hull.

CHRISTMAS Chocolate Clubs.—Firm of high-class Chocolate Manufacturers require Agents to form Clubs in Factories, Mills, etc. Liberal terms.—"Z R. 8469," Deacons, Leadenhall St., London.

IF YOU want AGENTS—the kind that build for bigger and better businesses, try a little Ad. under this heading. Men who are ever on the look-out for a better opportunity or who seek to augment their income read these ads., and you will find them keenly responsive to your offer. Send your ad. to-day to the small Advertisements Dept., John Bull, 87, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing remittance, payable to Cubanas Press, Ltd., at the rate of 8d. per line of approximately 6 words, 3 lines minimum.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send one penny stamp for prospectus.—F. P. M. Co., Dept. 19b, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE has vacancies for skilled Acetylene Welders, Clerks (general, Shorthand-typists and Stores Accounting), Cooks and Butchers, Carpenters, Drivers Petrol, Dynamo and Switchboard Attendants, Electricians, Electrical Mechanics, Engine Driver Fitters, Engine Drivers, Fitters General, Fitters Aero Engine, Fitters (for training as Fitters Aero Engine and Fitters Driver Petrol), Fabric Workers, Photographers, Power Station Engineers, Shift Engineers, Vulcanisers and Wireless Operators; also semi-skilled for training as Acetylene Welders, Carpenters, Drivers Petrol, Electricians, Photographers, Vulcanisers, Wireless Operators, and Tailors or Sailmakers for training as Fabric Workers. Age limits : Ex-Service men, 18 to 30; non ex-Service, 18 to 25; men highly skilled in certain trades, 18 to 35; ex-W.C.O.'s up to 38 years of age (with rank according to trade ability). Pay from 23/- to 30/- per week, on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over.—Write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Arundel Street, Coventry Garden, W.C.2; R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, 41, Church Street, Birmingham; or R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Dene House, Milton Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A FACTORY IN A KITCHEN.—New, fascinating, well-paid Home Industry (patented). Send 1d. only.—England-Richards Co., 20, King's Lynn.

HAVE you read the book entitled "The Working Man's Chances in Engineering?" It may help you to get a better job. Sent free only to those engaged in any Engineering Trade. —The Technological Institute, 231, Strand, London.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 80 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 139, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 20/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars, E. Lovaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

START Stickless Firelighter business with £1. Earn 10/-, 20/- daily. Apparatus, 12/6. —Particulars, Bedman, Thornton, Bdf., Yorks.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 20 London and provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (24 words), 40 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. Y.), 61, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

MAKE and SELL Polishes for Boots, Furniture, Metals, etc. 64-pp. formulas, addresses for materials, 1/6.—J. B. Wilkes, Stockton, Rugby.

CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Billheads, fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Croteway Press, 9, Buxted, Sussex.

BARGAIN SALES.

CATALOGUE Free.—Boots, Suits, Costumes, Watches, Rings, Clocks, etc. Easy terms, from 3/- monthly.—Masters, Ltd., Rye.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full range of models post free.—J. G. GRAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

BABY CARS from £2 1s. 3d.; best value in England, direct from factory; on approv. Carr. paid. Cash or easy terms. Catalogue free.—Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. 178), Coventry.

CYCLISTS! LISTEN!—For limited period only. 1,000 Royal Winchester Cycles offered at bare manufacturing cost. 5,000 real Cable Cord Tyres, exactly HALF price. Hundreds more staggering offers. Illustrated List Free. Drop Postcard NOW.—Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 29, Fordham, Burnley.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 3½d.; write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

CYCLE TYRES.—Guaranteed for long, hard wear, fabric lined, studded cover, wired, all sizes, 5/11, carr. paid. Tubes from 1/9.—Send for illustrated Bargain List. — Weeks (Dept. J.B.), Meadrow, Godalming, Surrey.

SUIT and Costume Lengths to the public at wholesale prices. Patterns free. — George Stewart, 26, Divis Street, Belfast.

MONOCLES, Monocles, Monocles for Stage, Amateur Theatricals, Concert Parties, etc. Piano, Rimless Oxford Monocles. Send P.O. 3/-, to Mollard, Optician, 154a, Stamford Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.

CYCLISTS.—"Catalogue, please," on a postcard will secure for you ABSOLUTELY FREE my Big Bargain Book. Greatest possible value. Satisfaction guaranteed. "Captain" Cycles from £3 5s. carriage paid. Tyres 4/9, Tubes 1/-. Thousands of Accessories. It's a mighty fine list and free.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 32, Burnley.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

HARRIS TWEEDS, direct from Crofters' Looms, guaranteed hand-made, fashionable shades, reduced prices. Patterns post free. —Harris Tweed Co. (Dept. 37), 13, Leonard Street, Inverness.

FANCY Leathers, 15 lovely colours, 6d. sq. ft. Ladies, send 2d. stamp for set of patts.—Catt, Leather Works, Northampton.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 25/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. —Swan Inst., 47, Fenton Grove, Portsmouth.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study. Used on Parliamentary Reporting Staff. Sixpenny handbook free. Postage 2d. —Sloan Duployan Hdqrs., Dept. 39, Ramsgate.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDEONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 26, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

LIVESTOCK.

AMERICAN Grey Parrots, Amazons, Young Talking Parrots and cages, from 40/-.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS QUELD.—Arlico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Edward Tabet Co., 30-32, Codnor, Derbys.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds, containing good, sound advice and special information of the utmost importance, should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —The Pressent Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. E.), 30-32, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

SURGICAL GOODS AT CUT PRICES.

Enemas, best quality rubber only, from 2/-; Syringes, 1/-. Suspensory Bandages from 6d., and every description of Surgical Rubber Goods at Cut Prices. 70-page Catalogue Free on application.—Le Brassour Surgical Manufacturing Co., Ltd. (Dept. E.B.), 30-32, Worcester Street, Birmingham. The world's largest manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.N., Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1763U), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SURGICAL GOODS.—Suspensory Bandages; Elastic Hosiery, Elastic Rupture Supports, and Surgical Goods of every description. Best quality only at the cheapest prices. Write for Catalogue, sent post free on application. — W. GIBBON, LTD., Dept. J., GREEK STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy," 3/6 tel., p.f., or write for partics., "Reuters," 11a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

SURGICAL GOODS and Appliances.—Suspensory Bandages, Trusses, Abdominal Belts, Enemas, Elastic Hosiery and Surgical Rubber Goods of every description. Descriptive Catalogue free. Very best goods at lowest cut prices.—J. B. Charles and Co., West Green Road, London.

WIND, Dizziness, Weak Nerves. Sample cure stamp.—Mr. Mrs. Wilson, Herbalist, Bradford.

FOR Heart, Brain and Nerves and the Restoration of Youth. Sample Packet free. Call or write. The J.B. Damaroid Company, 40, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.2.

SURGICAL Goods and Appliances.—Suspensory Bandages, 1/6, 2/6, and 4/6. Abdominal belts, enemas, elastic hosiery, and surgical rubber goods of every description. Latest catalogue free. Best goods only.—Call or write, Messrs. J. B. Kendall & Co., 8, Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

FINLEY'S FOOT SUPPORTS ease the feet. Only 5/- per pair, post free. State Ladies' or Gent's and size of footwear.—Finley, 84, Lower Thames Street, London.

SURGICAL GOODS. — Suspensory Bandages, Elastic Hosiery, Enemas, Syringes, Belts, etc. —Write for free Catalogues (Dept. B), Blake's Medical Stores, Nicholas Street, Bristol.

PILES Cured Free.—Send postcard for free sample box. Tweteint, Kew Road Pharmacy, Kew Road, Richmond, Surrey.

CURE Your Corns with Thompson's Foot Joy Corn Plaster. 1/6, post free.—Thompson, Homœopathist, 13, Gordon Street, Glasgow.

SURGICAL RUBBER GOODS of every description. Specialists in rubber Travelling Requisites for both sexes. Bandages, Elastic hosiery, etc.; goods not approved of returned; Illustrated List free. Hot-water bottles a specialty.—Surgical Manufacturing Co., Dept. E., Broadheath, Manchester.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

YOU can be philosophical about torn clothes when "Mend-a-Tear" is in the house, for it abolishes stitches for mending. It's ever so simple, ever so quick. Send 2d. stamp for free sample.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 29, Granby Mills, Leicester.

USE THIS FREE SERVICE.—A good Want-Ad. is one that relates frankly the facts about the proposition involved. If you have an offer of merit appealing to the great buying public, have your Want-Ad. expertly written by John Bull. John Bull is bought by over 500,000 people weekly, and has an intermittent reading circulation of many times that number, to whom the classified advertiser can make his appeal. Send summary of your offer to-day to the Small Advertisement Dept., John Bull, 87-89, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hollier when he reported : "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 6d. in stamps or P.O. to John Hart Britain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 A.Q.), London, W.1.

New Life Free

to Weak, Weary, Run-down, Nervous, Pallid, Exhausted, Despondent Men and Women. Thyroid GLANDS-TS restores quickly, lasting restoration of Youth, Health, Energy, Strength, Vitality, Nerve Force, Never Fail. Great Discovery. No Drugs, but life-giving gland extracts. Prescribed by leading Physicians. Free Trial for postcard. Write to-day. Practical Productions Ltd 97 St. Albans

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Dr. Kynaston, a fully qualified West End Specialist, emphatically states that

95 %

of the operations for

'ADENOIDS' and 'TONSILS'

are totally unnecessary.

REFUSE THE KNIFE.

The Kynaston Method is carried out at home.

For **CATARRH** the treatment is a certain remedy. Equally successful with both ADULTS and CHILDREN. The Institute with a qualified British Doctor at its head.

Write (enclosing 2d. stamp) or call

Medical Director,
THE KYNASTON INSTITUTE,
Stollian House, Southampton Row,
(Kingsway end), W.C.1.
'Phone—Museum 751

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Hemstitched both sides

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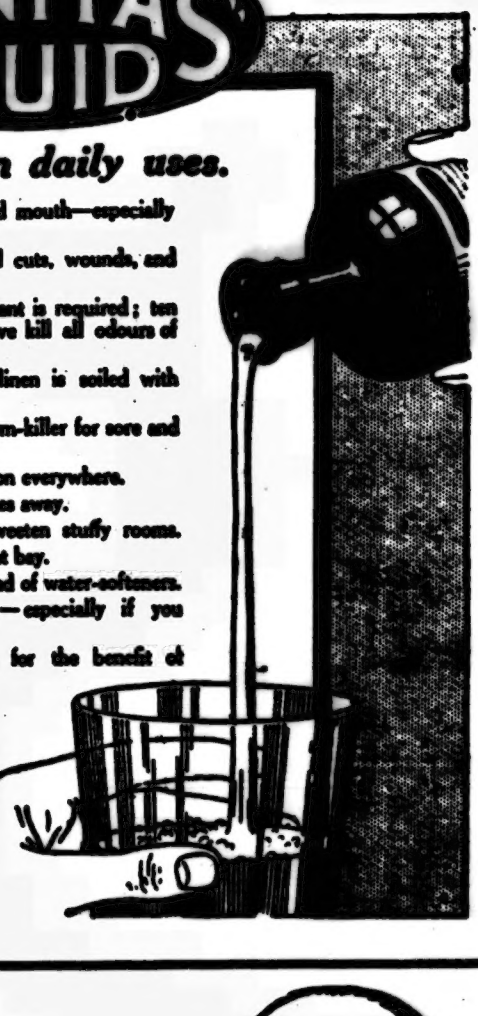

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San 101—169

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London Policeman who had to retire because of nerve breakdown, now well again owing to Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Ex-P.C. Hancock's Statement:

Ex-P.C. George William Hancock, of 264, Brixton Hill, London, S.W., says:—"For several months I was unable to do my duty as a County Constable. I was, in fact, just a wreck. I was fearfully depressed, and imagined I had every disease under the sun, and that I could not possibly recover. At times I was so weak that I had to be fed with a spoon. Of course I had to stay away from duty, and eventually I was declared unfit for further police service, and had to resign on pension. Notwithstanding treatment I did not regain my strength. Then several friends recommended me to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I resolved to try them. After two boxes I began to feel better, and after a few weeks' perseverance with the tablets I felt fit for anything. I have since been examined by a specialist who declared me quite sound, and I have now a position in London, and never felt better in my life. Of course my complaint was neurasthenia, and I strongly advise all who are similarly afflicted to try your remedy."

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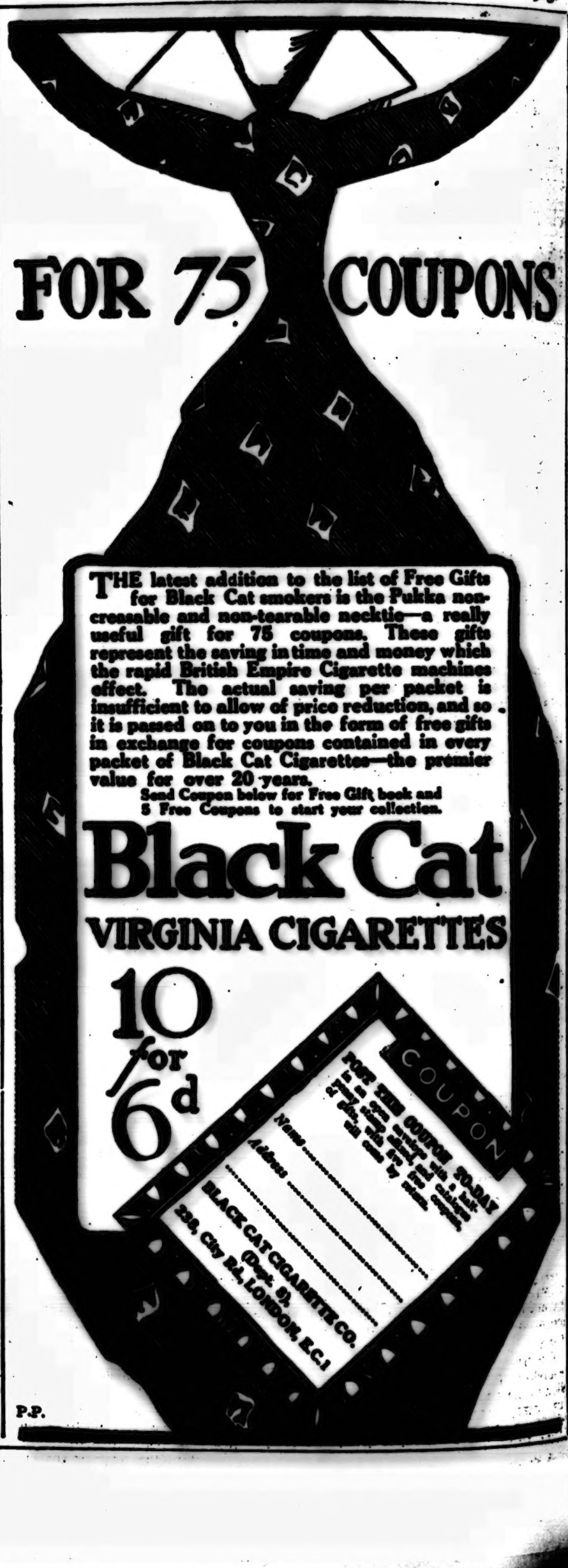
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Week ended Sept. 8, 1923. Saturday. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

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Telephone: Gerrard 9256
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For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Now or Never.

The astonishing ultimatum sent by Italy to Greece, and the rapid action taken to enforce it, is an acid test of the League of Nations. Both countries are members, and the decisive moment of the League has come. If war results the League of Nations is doomed.

What it Costs.

Firm action now will do something to console the taxpayer for the fact that the League now costs £1,000,000 a year—of which we pay £120,000—and has nothing to show for it.

Stop the Scribbling—

The Belgian Note proves, more than anything else, the futility of exchanging Notes. The real problem is the evacuation of the Ruhr. As neither France nor Belgium will agree to that, Britain must act by herself.

—And Get to Business.

The thing to do is to have Germany's capacity estimated by an independent commission, and then fix the terms of payment. And the payment of our debts by the Allies must be insisted on. We can no longer afford to be the world's dupe.

The Only Choice.

If the present German Government falls, the only alternatives are a military dictatorship or Bolshevism. Either would be a disaster for Europe; but unless France checks her mad course, the crash is certain.

What to Say.

Herr Sthamer, the German Ambassador, has gone to Berlin. We hope he will make it clear to his Government that because Britain disagrees with France, she does not in the least intend to allow Germany to escape the payment of her just liabilities.

Cheek!

A prominent American banker says that what Europe needs is for France and Britain to pull together. Thanks! If America can't condescend to help us she can at least refrain from lecturing us.

The Fatuous Optimist.

"Little Willie" is going to ask the German Government for permission to return and live in Germany. But as the Allies have a voice in the matter we can tell him beforehand that the answer will be a most emphatic "No!"

It Must Not Recur.

The truth of the fight with regard to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer is that Mr. Baldwin allowed his hand to be forced by the "Diehards." His own, and very wise, choice was for Mr. McKenna. Over the more critical situation of the Ruhr he must make his own choice—and stick to it.

Nothing Doing.

Schoolmasters, post-office servants and Government officials are being circularised by German firms asking them to collect orders for garden stock on a commission basis. We have not the least doubt as to how this impudent offer will be received.

An Experiment to Watch.

The success or otherwise of the system of Proportional Representation in the Irish Elections should be carefully watched by the British Government. Its adoption here would solve a good many of the anomalies of our own electoral system.

Still Another.

To the list of countries that have recognised the Soviet and set up normal trade relations with Russia is now added Denmark. Some day it will dawn on our political mandarins that we've lost a good market. Then they'll be sorry.

The Snowball.

Last week again saw 11,000 more people placed on the unemployed list. There is still no sign that the Government appreciates the gravity of the situation. Parliament should be summoned to deal exclusively with this pressing problem.

An Expensive Luxury.

At Sandhurst and Woolwich, military cadets cost the country £370 each per year, and at Dartmouth the taxpayer has to shell out £462 for each naval cadet. There is no excuse for such extravagance in these days.

Plugging the Leak.

Our withdrawal from Constantinople and Mesopotamia is proceeding rapidly. Why does the Government not respond to the overwhelming wish of the British people and clear out from Palestine and Cologne? We cannot afford to pour more millions down these drains.

Honour the Brave.

When General Harrington returns from Constantinople we trust the Government will do him signal honour. But for him there would have been another European war. The man who successfully resisted the mad schemes of the politicians deserves a high reward.

The Road Terror.

What has happened to the Transport Ministry's Advisory Committee? Each day the toll of accidents increases and confusion grows, and so far the committee has not even met. Wake up someone!

The Enlightened Bench.

In future the Highgate magistrates are going to punish all drunken motorists by taking away their licences. That's the stuff!

Culpable Slackness.

The trouble over the increasing number of disreputable night clubs begins with the lax methods employed when licences are granted. If necessary, the law must be altered to root out these harpies of the night.

Squash It.

A secret society on the lines of the Italian Fascisti—actually called the British Fascisti—has been formed. We want neither it nor the Ku Klux Klan or any other terrorist organisation.

A Case for Inquiry.

Last year there were 97,986 accidents in factories, 3,154 to railwaymen, and 1,153 fatal accidents in mines. It is time drastic steps were taken to make these essential industries safe for those who work in them.

Wake Up, Bridgeman!

It is high time the Home Office turned its attention to the Potteries, where child labour is a positive scandal, and where the building regulations are openly defied. The Home Secretary must see that his own regulations are enforced.

The Red-tape Mind.

It is just like the Board of Education to want to charge fees to the parents of children who attend school clinics. The only results would be more officials, endless forms, and less real work. No wonder some school medical officers have already protested at the very idea.

Our White Elephant Again.

In two generations the mortality from cancer has trebled, and the best the Ministry of Health can do is to issue a circular to tell us so. Why doesn't it demand money for the establishment of research laboratories to combat such a terrible scourge?

Rearing a C 3 Nation.

Nearly one half of our school children suffer from physical defects. And we have an expensive Ministry of Health! What a screaming farce it would be—if it were not a tragedy.

The Milk Ramp.

Unless the Government intervenes, London is threatened with a milk famine owing to the obstinate greed of the distributors. This annual quarrel between them and the farmers at the expense of the consumers must be stopped.

Robbing the Consumer.

While Australia and South Africa have to subsidise the grower, the housewife here finds meat almost too dear to buy. The explanation is the middleman who is profiteering on a wholesale scale. That Bill to deal with Trusts must be forthcoming.

A Bright Idea.

There is a proposal afoot whereby Australia should open a series of retail shops in this country to sell her own meat at reasonable prices, and so cut out the operations of the Meat Trust. She'll meet with no opposition from the British housewife.

To Cheapen Food.

The farmers who are complaining, and rightly, of the extortionate profits made by the middlemen who handle their produce have an easy remedy. Why not organise their own distribution? They would find enough support among consumers to give the "rings" the shock of their lives.

A Stimulant Wanted.

Ever since the war, large numbers of wrecks have been allowed to lie in the English Channel to the ever-increasing danger of shipping. Why are they not removed? An hour or two of Signor Mussolini would be good for our Admiralty limpets.

Manchester's Lead.

Four new roads are to be made in Manchester at a cost of £200,000. This will provide work for 1,000 men for thirty-five weeks. Other places please follow suit.

The Empty Cradles.

All sorts of wiseacres are giving reasons for the fall in the birth-rate, but the main reason is that people cannot afford to have children when they are unable to procure houses. Build the houses and the birth-rate will look after itself. A. G. G. on another page deals with this great social problem.

From Bad to Worse.

When shall we reach rock bottom on the housing shortage? In a stable occupied by Edwin Grieg, a woman, a child, and a donkey all slept together in the straw. Notices having been served on the owners, they, in their turn, have obtained an order for eviction of the tenants. But the real remedy for these scandalous conditions is decent accommodation for human beings.

Hint to a Widow.

While large families are herded together in one or two rooms, a large six-storey house, expensively furnished, has been standing unoccupied in a fashionable part of Kensington for ten years or more. It is costing £200 a year in rates to keep it so. Evidently it suits the whim of its owner, a wealthy widow, to leave it deserted. What a god-send that house would be to a large number of decent families!

Gospel of Hope.

"People placed in favourable environment and given a suitable and sufficient number of houses to live in will work out their own salvation," is the belief of Dr. Whitehead, Wigan's medical officer of health. A gospel of hope he should preach in other Lancashire towns, where people are herded under conditions the Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Aminals would not allow.

Profiteering in Lives.

As five persons were sleeping in one bed in a house in Gerrard Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, it is hardly a matter for wonder that the weakest, Fred Bardsley, the baby son of an unemployed carter, was smothered. Not that the parents were to blame—they were but the victims of the house shortage, and eleven people were herded together in two rooms in the house. Thus the tragedies of overcrowding multiply, while the building rings rake in *their* profits.

The Old Home Nest.

After living for fifty-five years in the same cottage at Thorpe, Miss Caroline Loveland and her brother are liable to instant eviction merely because a well-to-do London woman, Mrs. Vernon, has purchased the property to use as a country residence. It is to be hoped the new tenant is a sound sleeper as otherwise her dreams might be troubled by thoughts of these people to whom a fresh residence must be something of a terror.

Thin Edge of Wedge.

Exemplary treatment has been meted out to Alfred Plappet, tailor, of Leystonstone, for shameless profiteering in 'so-called' furnished rooms, by which means he netted over one hundred per cent. profit on his own rent. Stratford magistrates have ordered immediate repayment to the harassed tenants, and after imposing upon Plappet a heavy fine, fixed the rents at a more reasonable figure. More of this please, and higher up the scale.

A Crying Scandal.

Burton-on-Trent has lately benefited enormously by the coming to the place of a flourishing industrial concern. Yet the workers, who should have enjoyed a full share of the prosperity, are being bled white by the shameless profiteering in furnished apartments. It is Hobson's choice as no houses are available for love or money. Burton men responded magnificently to the country's call during the war. Ex-soldiers are told "houses cost money" and "Burton cannot afford it." Burton councillors should be ashamed of themselves.

Defrauder of the Homeless.

The cunning frauds of Bertha Gilchrist explain why she will be away from her home in Walls Street, Harpurhey, Manchester, for three months, and in Strangeways Jail. Answering the advertisements of houseless people, she obtained many sums of money by falsely pretending she was able to give vacant possession of a house. Mean scoundrels of her type are not entitled to sympathy.

Meanness Personified.

Taking advantage of the fact that his fellow worker, William Pateman, was old and ill, George Wood, pantryman at a Bayswater Hotel, stole five pound Treasury notes, which Pateman's unemployed son had scraped together and sent as a surprise present to his father. Wood goes to prison; the pity is that such a mean scoundrel cannot be made to work overtime until he pays back, with large interest, what he stole.

Moral Murder.

Poor Annie Dolan, a nineteen-year-old Darlington girl, lies in her grave, while James Athey, who admits he was responsible for the condition which drove her to end her young life by jumping into the River Skern, goes unscathed. In their last interview he told her they could not marry, and indulged in fool talk about dying together later in the week. The coroner severely criticised his conduct. So do we!

Honi Soit——

Evil be to him who evil thinks, is a maxim disregarded by Mr. Ernie Fowle of Charlton Manor, Wilts. This gentleman, with the significant name, roundly declares that the villages of happy England are sinks of immorality, and evidently spends a good portion of his leisure in spying out the progress of rustic love affairs. Instead of the segregation of the sexes which is Mr. Fowle's remedy, the state of the gentleman's own mentality should be medically inquired into.

Put Your Girls Wise.

Norah Paraskoff was induced to take a trip to Holland with a foreigner whom she met in London, and who represented himself as a man of sufficient means. Now Norah, with her baby in her arms, is completely stranded without friends or money. Charged with stealing during the time of her dire necessity, judgment has been mercifully suspended to give the poor girl a chance. What is wanted is more plain speaking to warn such trustful girls before the inevitable betrayal takes place.

Not Half His Desserts.

When Sidney Pateman, of Leagrave came before the Luton Bench for selling watered milk, the magistrate, in fining him £30 and costs, remarked that he "had better get out of the trade." Seeing that Pateman had three previous convictions, and already paid a total of £90 in fines, it ought to be possible to make it illegal for him to reopen his nefarious—and evidently paying—trade. The Romans baked fraudulent bakers in their own ovens. What about making Pateman drink his own watered milk?

An Astounding Blunder.

Public feeling will be outraged by the feeble sentence of one month's imprisonment passed upon Edward Wilkins, of Chepstow, for furious mal-treatment of his young son. Wilkins stripped the boy, tied his hands, and lashed him to a cart wheel. Managing eventually to break loose, the child ran, still naked, to a wood, where he passed the night. When found, he had twenty-eight weals on his body. For this his brute of a father gets one month, without hard. Many a man has had more for poaching a rabbit to feed a starving family.

"JOHN BULL" PAYS £500 this week in Insurance Benefits to three readers.
See page 2.

Irksome Order for Out-of-works.

The Ministry of Labour has determined to insist on the daily attendance of all dole receivers at the Exchanges, for the purpose of signing the books. Men honestly desirous of seeking work find this robs them of the time to find it. As usual the want-works pay for the won't-works.

A Queer Case.

George Johnson, a London flower-seller, lived an honest life for fifty years. Reaching the half century he commenced a career of petty theft, and has spent ten out of his last fifteen years in one jail or another. This points to a loose screw in the prison system that such men prefer to liberty.

Inquiry Wanted.

It is not pleasant to think of all that may lie behind the case of the seventeen-year Air Service lad, Cross, who committed suicide rather than face disciplinary punishment for forgetting part of his kit on returning from leave. Some commanding officers behave as though there were no more heinous offence than lapses of this sort.

Reform in Our Menu.

Dr. Josiah Oldfield says that the reduction in the vital fertility of the people is due to the increase of flesh food in the household menu. He recommends porridge amongst other things as a means of restoring stamina to the Anglo-Saxon race. How the meat profiteers would howl if his advice were acted on for a few months.

Insult Added to Injury.

Scottish Presbyterian ministers are complaining of the inadequacy of their old-age pensions. If, through adverse circumstances, they wish to retire before reaching the age of seventy, they are subjected to such intolerable indignities, that, as the Rev. R. Thomson says, "they hope they may die first." A sorry reflection on Church rewards for faithful service.

Un-English.

The dismissal of Mr Ronald Ellery from his occupation of assistant dispenser to Gloucester infirmary, because he refuses to be vaccinated, is a form of Prussianism not tolerated in this country. The Bishop of Gloucester, who is against Ellery's reinstatement, may be reminded that it is no test of the efficacy or otherwise of vaccination to rob a man of his livelihood. This is a sort of trial by ordeal unfit for enlightened Englishmen.

Somebody Blundered.

When little Doris Sponge, aged four years, was taken home from a Redhill hospital after having her tonsils removed, she died in a few hours. At the inquest the deputy coroner expressed himself satisfied that every precaution had been taken to ensure the child not being moved too soon. This opinion does not alter the facts, which are, that when little Doris reached home she was shivering and vomiting, and died from suffocation that trained help might have averted.

Lured to her Doom.

Mrs. G. Crawley, a soldier's widow, was assured by Australia House that she would get well-paid employment in the land of promise, and she set out with her three children a year ago, since when she has been starving on what she can earn by cleaning doorsteps, and asked us if the Pensions authorities would advance her her fare home—about £100 for herself and nippers. Impossible. The poor woman must die in the land of promise and plenty unless she can save the money out of her miserably paid job.

A Widow's Mite.

The little wooden cross which the military erected over the grave of a soldier in the Hastings' cemetery has rotted. The widow, Mrs. Balcombe, asked permission to erect a similar cross with the same epitaph, as she is a poor woman and could not afford a stone memorial. To the lasting shame of the Cemetery Committee they refused this simple request, suggesting that the wooden cross should be replaced by a memorial of stone. As the widow cannot afford this, has the grave of a dead British soldier to go unmarked? What do the people of Hastings say?

Ships and Statesmanship.

Because the boilermakers were on strike the *Empress of Scotland* left the Southampton dockyards and went for repairs elsewhere, which is the result of the strike-leaders "statesmanship." When will the men see that the strike weapon is a boomerang?

The Same Old Pin-pricks.

Now that peace is "raging," an infantryman in the Army with technical ability can be transferred to a section more likely to make use of his qualifications—if he is single! Why this transfer should not be available to married men is something only the Brass Hats know. For heaven's sake let's revise King's Regulations and get on with the peace!

Mercenary Ministry.

The Minister of Health—or his adviser—"is not aware of any legal authority" which will permit Rotherham Guardians to send £50 to the fund for the relief of those suffering because of the sad disaster at Maltby Colliery. In humanity's name, what legal authority is needed? The Guardians should send the money on, and damn the consequences. Rotherham will see them right.

Guilt of the Railways.

The catch on the carriage door of a train travelling between Leeds and Cambridge is so insecure that it can be pushed down by children. A little three-year-old did this, fell from the train, and, to the anguish of her parents, lost her life. The thirteenth similar mishap this year, and the eighth fatal case. When a few more children have lost their lives the railway company may do something.

Awake at Last.

It has just occurred to the churches of the country that the problem of unemployment is one they might well lend a hand in solving. A conference to decide what steps can be taken to bring pressure upon the Government to take action, has been fixed for October, and representatives of all the churches will be present. Of course it might have been better to have had this kind of thing last spring, but better late than never.

The Friend in Need.

When an old man named Jarvis was fined at the London Guildhall for drawing unemployment pay while working as a sandwichman, the solicitor who appeared for him made a personal plea on his behalf. He said he had known Jarvis for thirty-five years, that he had once been a clerk in his own office, and that he appeared for him "without fee or favour." He now only worked as a sandwichman, and earned about 6s. 6d. a week. It does us good to see a man come forward and help an old comrade.

"Another Wicked Woman."

Last week we exposed the activities of the notorious Mrs. Merrick, who runs the "Forty Three Club" in Gerrard Street and the "New Follies Club" in Newman Street, W., selling drinks in the early hours and defying the law. We revealed the amazing fact that this brazen woman carried on her profitable game with indifference on the very night of the day on which she was so heavily fined at Marlborough Street. But we have, for the present, at any rate, stopped her. "No drinks to be served at present" is her motto now. Which is a great compliment to this journal.

Morals and Muck.

From the Methodist Episcopal Church in Washington, U.S.A., some fanatic is sending to many British homes a propaganda pamphlet called "The Clipsheet." In an endeavour to clean up the world, this person has lost all sense of decency, "The Clipsheet" being a lurid collection of pictures relating to syphilis, gonorrhœa, dance-halls, drug-fiends, rum-runners, and spotting events. A look at the paper is enough to make a decent person sick, and its arrival in the home has aroused the indignation of many readers who wish to heaven that Americans would learn some lessons in restraint.

Pampered.

Friends of Ronald True are again at work, interceding with the authorities for concessions regarding "ameliorative comforts" for this pampered criminal. Already they have been shown too much favour.

Accomplices.

The ease with which British Consular machinery abroad can be used to facilitate the entry of alien women into this country by means of "arranged marriages" is a scandal, for it makes the consuls accomplices of those evading the regulations.

A Distributor of Drugs.

For failing to register the sale of nepenthe to a nursing home, Myer Gaffin, a Manchester chemist was fined £5. He was also fined £5 on each of two summonses for the sale of morphine tablets. Placing danger in the way of the public should be made far more costly.

Lucky.

Considering their efficiency in other directions, it is surprising how slow in the intake and uptake police officials are in regard to matters on their own doorstep. Somebody ought to be carpeted for the ease with which Laidlaw the defaulting West London magistrate's clerk got away.

Stiggins-like.

When Mr. Squires of Hammersmith organised a carnival procession in aid of the Mayor's anxious appeal for funds for the borough's unemployed, the Free Church ministers of the district waited upon him with a request not to hold it on the Sunday afternoon. Mr. Squires was polite, but firm, and a record collection for the deserving poor was taken. No wonder that places of worship continue half empty with such humanitarians as these in charge.

The Renewal of Idealism

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IS it an exaggeration to say that before the war we were all optimists?

It is at least true that belief in the possibility of greatly improving conditions of human life in this world was much more common than it is now.

There was a greater general hopefulness, despite the rumblings and cracklings that presaged the coming earthquake.

Thinkers and publicists spoke of the future with an accent of cheerful confidence: the brighter spirits of the younger generation were full of enthusiasm for projects and enterprises that seemed to promise a new heaven and a new earth.

It was an age of Utopias—of seeing visions and dreaming dreams.

What of to-day?

The most conspicuous change that has passed upon us is that we no longer dare to cherish glowing expectations of a better day to be.

The note of bitterness, of disillusionment, of cynicism, is sounding on every side.

Worst of all is the silence that has fallen upon the voice of youth: it no longer sings of quenchless raptures and soaring splendours open to aspiring man.

In its place we have a drab, plodding, rather dreary succession of efforts to keep going and piece together what is left from the universal wreck.

This will not do. The very first requisite for the reconstruction of a progressive human society is the revival of idealism.

Let it rise like the fabled phœnix from its ashes, new, beautiful, immortal.

Let none be ashamed to confess fidelity to an ideal, however remote from realisation it may appear to be; for it is the capacity to respond to the call of the ideal that lifts man above the brute.

Let us give all the encouragement we can to the rising manhood and womanhood of the time, that has not been scorched by the flames of war, to believe and dare greatly, and ever to follow the gleam.

Swindling the Tenderhearted.

"War mugging" is swindling folk who have sympathy with discharged men and are willing to help them, and too many rascals in the country are relying on it for an easy living. Robert Cook, of Strikes Lane, Bradford, was doing fairly well at the game until he was laid by the heels. Now he is in jail. A fate which may warn off a few other similar rotters.

The Price Enlarges with the Photo!

No wonder there are so many people working the photo-enlargement ramp! The trade terms for a 20 by 16 enlargement are 3s. 6d.; the price for a frame 3s. 6d. Yet the usual charge of the door-to-door canvasser is somewhere in the vicinity of 25s. Quite a nice rate of profit. The pity is that poor people are so easily gulled by these swindlers.

"Carver and the Carved."

Under the above heading we recently exposed the wiles of a Stock Exchange shark named W. W. Carver, of Links Lane, Tooting, S.W., who persuaded people to invest money in a bucket shop called "The Small Investor's Share Exchange," 28, Basinghall Street, E.C. We are glad to note that the bucketeer has now had a receiving order in bankruptcy made against him.

"Posh Patsy, Super Scoundrel."

Is it quite beyond the power of Scotland Yard to capture Partick O'Farrell, the notorious Anglo-American thief, whose amazing activities we exposed in a recent issue? "Patsy," who can be seen night after night in West End drinking saloons, has just brought off his twelfth coup this year, relieving a man of £300, and a large quantity of jewellery. Why are General Horwood's highly paid sleuths so easily baffled?

Millions at Stake.

Surely an inquiry should be held into the management — or mismanagement — of the National Bank of South Africa. Eighteen months ago £300,000 was taken from reserve to meet "bad and doubtful debts," and an assurance given that this would make all things well. And now the remaining £1,000,000 in reserve has been collared and share capital written down by £3 a share. The shareholders ought to hold a stringent inquiry—millions of pounds are at stake.

Slick Business from U.S.A.

The Ritholz Spectacle Co., of 1462, W. Madison Street, Chicago, have a quaint little way of sending spectacles to people in this country without having been requested to do so. A generous action, of course, but utterly spoiled by the demand for $3.45—"the advertised price." In addition the recipient has to pay custom expenses of 2s. 3d. As the spectacles were never ordered, we would advise readers who have asked us "what to do about it," to sit tight and do nothing. That is Ritholz's funeral!

Readers Beware!

Adam Smith, Ltd., 72, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1, 1969 Gerrard, offers to lend anything from £10 to £10,000, note of hand only. Though they advertise that no securities are required they ask for substantial securities which would enable anyone to borrow without recourse to a money-lender. In addition, they demand the fee of 7s. 6d. which is not returned when they find, to their regret, that a suitable security is not available. When is the law going to deal with these Shylocks.

There's no Hurry!

When is the Army Council going to make a decision in the case of Mr. W. N. Rowe, the ex-Acting Staff Q.M.S., whose grievance we have previously vented in these columns? Sentenced to two years' imprisonment for alleged theft, Rowe has since produced evidence that calls for the fullest investigation of the facts. The Army Council has been "considering" these facts for several months, and although a decision was promised for the end of July, Rowe is still waiting in suspense. It is only a man's honour that is at stake!

Two Guineas Too Much

TO help the unemployed is a very good thing. To help yourself to the unemployed's money is by no means such a good thing. We commend this distinction to Percy Coutts & Co., of 325, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

This firm advertises in the "Situations Vacant" columns of the daily Press, for people in search of passage-paid positions abroad. You might think they have positions to offer. It would be an optimistic idea.

When they get in touch with you they offer you, not a position, but what they call introductions to firms with interests abroad.

For the introduction you pay a fee of £2 2s., and they supply you with fifty duplicated, typewritten employment application forms and a corresponding number of addresses. You post these at your own expense, and Messrs. Coutts sympathetically hope for you the maximum of success.

The stereotyped employment application forms could be run off on a duplicating machine for a few shillings; the addresses you could get out of any commercial directory in a few minutes. Obviously, therefore, Messrs. Coutts make a handsome profit out of their two-guinea fees, which no doubt helps them in their profuse expressions of good luck.

Those who part with their two guineas, perhaps, may console themselves with the thought that, in addition to these cheap, duplicated circulars, they are getting the personal and influential recommendations of the great house of Coutts.

It must be pointed out, however, that Coutts & Co., of High Holborn, have no connection with the great banking concern of the same name. Moreover, they have less influence than they themselves appear to think with the firms to which they tell their clients to send their cheaply turned out and unimpressive application forms.

Some of these forms are, in any case, returned through the post, "not known." An example was a letter addressed to "Rodolpho Thom, Recife, Pernambuco, Brazil." Another was addressed to "D. Maria da Conceicao R. B. Laceida, Recife, Pernambuco, Brazil."

Brazil, where the nuts come from, is not apparently a place where Messrs. Coutts & Co. have as many friends as they think. This is unfortunate for them. It is also very unfortunate for their clients seeking employment in that part of the world.

One of their disappointed clients has had these letters returned from Brazil. He asks us to put other people on their guard. "I was bitten badly," he said, "as it was the last bit I had. I have not told anybody what I did, as they would only talk. Even my mother does not know, and I have no father."

That is the other side of the picture. We have had many similar complaints. There may be other fatherless boys seeking employment through Messrs. Coutts & Co., and we advise our readers to leave them alone.

Wriggly Quigley's Diddled Damsels

SOME women are notoriously lucky, but it would be indeed difficult to find one so fortunate in this respect as "Madame Luck," a woman of many aliases whose story we relate and who is so successful in finding dupes.

WE are glad to see that the authorities have taken up the challenge we gave them when we exposed that impudent fraud, the Empire Studios of Kinema-photography, Baker Street, London.

The sequel was a prosecution at Marylebone, when Mrs. Eleanor Gertrude Wells was fined £15 and £10 costs for her part in this bogus film ramp.

So far, so good. But the amazing thing is that the worst offender in this swindle has escaped scot-free.

In the prosecution of Mrs. Wells, counsel for the defence hinted that behind her was a mysterious woman of extraordinary character, whom he described as a forger and a thief, and a person of most exceptional capacity, who had obtained money in all directions by false pretences.

For some reason not divulged, the name of this mystery woman was not made public. We do not understand this hocus-pocus method of conducting a public prosecution, and we propose to give this woman's name, and to lay bare her insolent record of duplicity and fraud.

She is Marion Jessie Quigley, formerly of Elgin Crescent, Holland Park, W. She has a number of aliases, among which are Madame Luck, Madame Granville and Mrs. Robinson. Shortly after the war, when the kinema craze was at its height, she realised that there were a great many people in this country who believed that heaven had granted no exclusive monopoly of fame and fortune to Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford, and that they also might become gold-plated "stars" if they only got the chance.

Together with a man named Ross, alias Oxford William Welding, alias "Mr. Quigley," she started a concern called the Kinema Productions Company, with offices in Oxford Street and Shaftesbury Avenue, W. Its career was cut short by a prosecution for obtaining money by false pretences. Madame Quigley was bound over. Ross, was sent to prison for nine months.

The lesson did not convert Madame Quigley to better ways. On the ashes of this fraudulent and disastrous concern, she founded another, which she called the London Cinema Academy of Acting and Dancing, with offices at 107, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

She ran this in the name of Louisa Granville, and was again in trouble with the authorities, appearing at the Old Bailey on a charge of breaking her recognisances. She was ordered to find new ones. She did so cheerfully, and then promptly went and broke them again, and got thirteen days' imprisonment.

When she came out, she resumed her precious Academy, and, on the release of Ross, alias Welding, from jail, he immediately joined her in running this ramp. In ten months they collected between £2,000 and £3,000 in fees. But so many complaints reached the police that they were compelled to take action, and this enterprising pair were once more put in the dock.

The best illustration of their methods may be given in the evidence of one of the witnesses they had swindled. Miss Catherine Paterson paid ten guineas for a course. She was told that at the end of it she would undergo a test before Mr. Maurice Elvey, one of the producers for the Stoll Company.

At the test before a gentleman supposed to be Mr. Elvey she was told that he liked her acting, and would give her a "star" part if she would take another course to make her more perfect.

She took the second course, but was still "not quite easy enough in her actions." She was then informed that a twenty guineas course of riding lessons would enable her to earn £60 a week.

It need hardly be said that at the trial, which took place in February, 1922, evidence was given that neither Mr. Elvey nor anyone else from the Stoll company had anything to do with this concern.

Quigley was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, and Welding got fifteen months in the second division.

This necessarily short summary gives some idea of the appalling record and character of Marion Jessie Quigley. Some months ago she came out of jail, and, returning at once to her old games, this time keeping in the background, she succeeded, as "Madame Luck," in persuading Mrs. Wells to run the studios and part with over £1,000. Mrs. Wells has been ruined, punished by the law, and "Madame Luck" has justified her latest alias and is still enjoying the sweets of liberty.

We ask the authorities to finish their job, and place this notorious swindler and adventuress on trial.

Skinning the Sleeping Partner

THERE may be great fortunes to be made out of the buying and selling of moleskins. But Mr. Henry Plumer, of 119, Prescott Street, Brookfields, Birmingham, is not so keen as he was on that method of getting rich quick.

Mr. Plumer saw an advertisement for a sleeping partner with £100, interest 30s. a week, and a share of profits which would bring in £500 per annum two years hence.

If we could all get £500 per year, and without having to work for it, most of us would be very glad to invest £100 to secure so handsome a retiring allowance. It would solve nearly all our social problems.

Mr. Plumer's experience, however, was not very fortunate. He found that he had to invest the £100 with a gentleman called Thomas William Ferres, who in turn was to invest it with a firm named H. Stuart & Co., Mole Skin Specialists, of Stuart House, 18, Albion Buildings, Aldersgate Street, E.C. 1.

This firm advertised that it was the largest cash buyers in the world of British skins, and Mr. Plumer invested his £100 in it, through Mr. Ferres. Mr. Ferres turned the business of Stuart & Co., of which he was proprietor, into a limited company.

Things seemed to be going well for Plumer. Moles are supposed not to have particularly good sight, and he assumed that it was easy to skin them and profitable to sell them. So he felt sorry for the moles, and waited for his 30s. a week interest, while his £500 a year was coming nearer.

Unhappily his 30s. a week did not come in as regularly as he would have liked. And he invited the largest buyers in the world to explain. He was not satisfied, so he called at Stuart House, to which he had, in the meantime, written some angry letters. He did not see Mr. Ferres.

But he got a snorting reply. "If," wrote Mr. Ferres, "you had spoken to me in the same tone as you write I would have given you the surprise of your life. I am not a young man, and no man in London has ever bullied me yet, and I will take good care a man from 'Brummagem' shan't be the first."

Mr. Plumer went to the police, but still he did not get his money back. He has not got it back yet.

He applied for a warrant, and could only get a summons, and Mr. Ferres repeatedly failed to appear. Finally he did appear, and offered to pay £20 a month, which the Court accepted, but which Mr. Plumer has not got.

But he has discovered in the meantime that Mr. Ferres—who, by the way, resides at 3, Natal Road, Ilford—had been made a bankrupt, which does not encourage him to suppose that he will ever get his £100, much less the £500 a year to which he looked forward so confidently.

But is it not a scandal that a man, against whom a petition in bankruptcy had been lodged, and who was, as a matter of fact, made a bankrupt a few days later, should be permitted by our law to take money from other people for investment in a wild-cat-skin adventure?

To say that the law is a perfect ass, is a rather poor consolation to Mr. Plumer, but a lesson to others to be very careful what they do when confronted with the everlasting "investment with salary" booby-trap.

Dealers in Departed Spirits

INTELLIGENT efforts to study spiritualism command the approval of a great many people. But are there many people who will believe in the kind of spiritualism that is dealt with in this article? Apart from any other consideration such cocksure predictions about the next world offend the laws of good taste.

A STRANGE concern called the British College of Psychic Science is making an appeal for funds. As the people who run this college claim to be in contact with persons in the next world, they ought to have no trouble about getting money. All they have got to do is to invite their spirit friends to inspire people who have not yet passed away with a wild desire to tumble money into the lap of the college, and the thing is done.

It is a very remarkable institution, this British College of Psychic Science. It has an Advisory Council presided over by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and amongst its honorary members is the Viscountess Grey of Falloden. Its chief figure is a gentleman called Mr. J. Hewat McKenzie. What Mr. Hewat McKenzie does not know about the human soul is not worth knowing. In his investigations into this abstruse matter he has left the theologians centuries behind.

. . .

If we regard Mr. McKenzie as sane we have no reason to be afraid of the mystery of the soul. For he tells us that the soul is something tangible and real, which can be projected from man's body, even during life, and can be weighed, photographed and inspected, and returned to the physical frame again. If you believe things like this, open your cheque book and send Mr. McKenzie a guinea or two for his College of Psychic Science at 59, Holland Park, London, W.

If you do he may possibly send you an interesting little pamphlet he has written which tells you all about the soul. It describes how the soul passes out of the body of man, through his chest if he is asleep and through his skull if he is dead. He will tell you also the exact weight of the soul. It weighs from a quarter to one ounce at death, but within an hour after its weight drops to one-sixteenth of an ounce or even less. These things, he informs us, have been ascertained by experiment made on death-beds without disturbing the patient, which we hasten to say is extremely interesting and very considerate to the patient.

It is unfortunate that the average man cannot himself see the soul which Mr. McKenzie can measure and weigh. As he says: "It must be clearly understood that this marvellous manifestation is only visible to highly developed clairvoyants, as their eyes have the faculty of catching vibrations of a much higher rate than can be perceived by ordinary eyesight."

. . .

These highly developed clairvoyants are also highly considerate. You can hire one of them at the British College of Psychic Sicence. The clairvoyant will meet you by private appointment and fix the fee. Whatever the fee is, it is worth it, if you consider how advantageous it would be to you to be told the exact weight of your soul.

Mr. McKenzie, however, does not confine his information about the next world to the terms of the weighing machine. He tells you all about it. When you wake up in eternity you find yourself in an "ideal country home," with a garden round it filled with a great variety of flowers, and an "interior decorated very much as a home in England might be with books, easy chairs, and musical instruments."

It is very comforting to think that the next world is so typically English. It makes us think so much more of ourselves as a nation. But it must be rather disappointing to, say, a Patagonian or a Tibetan, to wake up in the next world and find himself in a typically English home. The books would be of comparatively little use to him, but, after all, he might have better luck with his musical instruments, with which he could soothe his savage breast while he contemplated how very British is the conception of heaven entertained by the British College of Psychic Science.

It is also a comforting thing to know, on the authority of Mr. Hewat McKenzie and his spirit friends, that there is relatively little snobbery in the next world.

Important people will come and visit you on earth if you believe in the McKenzie doctrine. "Buddha, Socrates, Francis of Assisi, Emerson, Paine, Bradlaugh, Tennyson, Tolstoi, and many other noble men and women whom you may love and admire, will visit your home, if you prepare for them by a life worthy to receive their help. From such illuminating intelligences you will receive instruction and guidance so that your heart will burn within you for very joy."

. . .

There is only one flaw. "These visits you will probably learn to keep very private from a cold and scoffing world, because you will not like to be laughed at for testifying to such facts." Naturally. But why anybody should be ashamed of receiving a visit from Buddha or the late Lord Tennyson, it is not easy, at first sight, to understand.

One word of warning. One of the rules of the McKenzie heaven is that you should never attempt to communicate with spirits, when alone, unless you have learned how to protect yourself from evil spirits. In this case you should consult a reliable clairvoyant, having, of course, fixed up the mere and subsidiary matter of his fee. That will prevent you from trying to get in touch with Buddha or Mahommed, and getting instead a visit in your home from Charles Peace or Doctor Crippen.

When you think of these perils it is no doubt reasonable that the British College of Psychic Science should charge two guineas entrance fee, and three guineas yearly subscription, and, amongst other fees, that it should charge ten shillings for a course of six lectures.

A word about psychic photography. You may have your photograph taken by a clairvoyant, and, in the background, you may find a spirit portrait of somebody who has long departed this life, together with other spiritual marks. If you believe they are genuine, you will no doubt open your cheque book again.

But do not be in a hurry to believe it. An independent committee has fully investigated this matter, and a medium vouched for by the Principal of the British College of Psychic Science was discovered furtively changing the plates on which the photographs were to be taken. A report of this matter says that an intensely agitated scene followed the exposure. Naturally.

. . .

The medium, who was formerly a charwoman, declined to approve of this method of dealing with things spiritual. Apart from that, incidents of this kind are likely to be disappointing to friendly disposed spirits in the next world.

It is reassuring to think, however, that pain of this kind is not caused exclusively to the well-disposed in the next world by ill-considered action on the part of British mediums. American mediums sometimes cause greater distress.

The first spiritualistic church of New York, for example, let down the next world with a nasty bump. At a séance the medium was Mrs. Eva Thompson, wife of the pastor of the church. She went behind a curtain and sent out a spirit materialised, who gave it out that she was Aunt Jemmima. Those present were warned on no account to touch the spirit, as the result might be fatal to the medium.

. . .

Unfortunately, two detectives had concealed themselves in the room. With equal presence of mind and daring they grabbed the spirit and pulled its veil off. They found that Aunt Jemmima was really only Mrs. Thompson. The result was not fatal to the medium, but highly unpleasant. She was arrested and charged with disorderly conduct.

It is pleasing to reflect that the disapproval of the next world is dissipated by this American intervention, which leaves the way clear for people in this country to send barrels and barrels of money to the Psychic College at Holland Park.

We do not believe they will do it. There is still a broad volume of sanity in this country which regards with amused contempt the people who charge money for lectures and pamphlets on the somewhat superfluous subject of measuring, weighing and photographing souls.

A Spider and His Web

HAS the Postmaster-General any right to allow the great organisation for which he is responsible to be used for the corruption of our youth?

The question is urgent. We ask it because a filthy-minded Hun is using the Post Office of this country to scatter broadcast circulars offering to supply indecent literature. These circulars are sent, uninvited, not only to adults, but also to boys and girls at our public and elementary schools.

These circulars emanate from a concern called "The Spider Club," Dresden. They invite the recipients to join the "Spider Club," and thus be in a position to make exchanges with its members, and amongst the exchanges mentioned are "nude studies, art pictures of lovely women, girls bathing, or Paris salon."

"Paris salon" reminds us of the dirty rascal, Paul M. Robenstock, of Leipsig, who also floods this country with circulars offering pictures from the "Paris salon." Possibly Paul is the obscene octopus behind the "Spider Club" of Dresden.

If so, that is only another reason why the Postmaster-General should be on the alert, for we have previously drawn our readers' attention to the activities of this Teutonic profiteering filth, and our efforts in that direction have been vigorously followed up by Sir Charles Oman, M.P.

"The Spider Club" has a subsidiary organisation called the "Act Studia Club." The latter club offers an illustrated monthly magazine containing photographs of naked beauties, "only first-class specimens." On the cover of this circular is a gross photograph of a German woman.

Why should this kind of pornographic filth be thrust uninvited upon the attention of our young men and maidens? Do we desire them to be exploited by beastly minded Huns who laugh up their sleeve at the simplicity of the British Post Office.

In ancient Greece, Socrates was executed on the charge of corrupting the youth of his time. The Hun supposes that the ignorant British never heard of Socrates, or they would take some step to preserve their own youth from a fouler kind of corruption than Socrates ever dreamed of.

We say plainly that there is no excuse for the Post Office. These circulars from Dresden have "Spider Club" printed on their envelopes, together with a big sketch of an address book and the Spider and his Web. Why are not all such letters impounded?

Minstrels Without Songs

IT is an amazing thing in these enlightened days of Watch Committees and self-important local authorities that such rank impostors as Jack Arnold, so-called theatrical manager, should be allowed to roam from town to town, leaving behind a trail of stranded humanity.

Arnold has been touring the country with a show called "King Wu Tut Tut." At Cannock, the principal comedian in the company was paid £1 for his services, the leading lady received 30s., and another important member of the cast 15s. The remainder, including the beauty chorus, had to live presumably on promises.

On another occasion one of the company was arrested for theft, and a girl contracted scarlet fever from one of the disreputable costumes she had to wear. After many such experiences as this, bona-fide members of the profession decided to take action to prevent Arnold from continuing his disastrous tour.

This theatrical impostor, however, was elusive. Although it was known at Cannock that he had another "date" the following week, only Arnold apparently knew where it was.

At nine o'clock on Sunday he got his artistes together and piled them into a motor-lorry.

At a respectful distance behind the lorry, however, there followed a motor-cyclist with instructions to follow Arnold to his destination, and this proved to be the Opera House, Dudley.

It is only fair to say that when the true facts concerning the company were pointed out to the owner and manager of the theatre, they closed their premises against Arnold at once.

This case of Arnold's, unfortunately, is not an isolated one.

In one Northern theatre, recently, a revue called "Little By Little," afterwards changed to "Very Good Indeed," played to only nine people. This was promoted by a notorious bogus manager named "O'Brien," who had been imprisoned for fraud and adjudicated bankrupt. O'Brien, who was known to have at least a dozen aliases, has not paid his artistes a full week's salary from the first week of the tour, which started at Dover in March.

In addition to the bogus-manager, many theatrical agents are equally responsible for the present state of affairs. Abraham Fastovsky, carrying on business in the name of Samuel Lee, as the West London Variety and Kinema Agency, at High Street, Bloomsbury, recently lost his licence for not looking sufficiently well after the interests of the artistes he booked.

In regard to the Jack Arnold case, enquiries show that the people who are really to blame for putting the unfortunate artistes in touch with this man are a fairly well-known firm of theatrical agents with palatial offices in the West End of London. We advise them to alter their present method of doing business.

A Welsh Poet's Dream

SINCE the days of Horace, poets have been described as an irascible race. Mr. W. D. Evans, of 11, Brynheulog Terrace, Aberbeeg, Monmouthshire, is a poet, and he is in a state of extreme and pardonable irritation.

It is no easy thing to get the divine afflatus.

But Mr. Evans was lucky. He got it all right and sat down and wrote the "Cameos of a Collier."

Then he struck the first snag on the arduous road that leads to the Heights of Parnassus and the Temple of Fame. He looked round for a publisher. He found one in Mr. Arthur Stockwell, of 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4. Mr. Evans did not expect to reach Parnassus easily, but he thought he would be doing well if he got as far as Ludgate Hill.

Mr. Stockwell was extraordinarily polite. "Many thanks," he wrote to him, "for the very acceptable batch of verse." The Welsh bard was delighted. Here he had found somebody, in the very heart and centre of the world of letters, a man who could no doubt estimate poetry to a *t*, and poets to a hair. And this expert had described "The Cameos of a Collier" as very acceptable verse.

Mr. Stockwell offered to publish the "very acceptable verse," and to produce a thousand copies, in cloth covers, with gold lettering, and bevelled edges, and tissue paper round each copy, for the sum of £44, in return for which the author was to get a royalty of one and eightpence per volume.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, saw the volume, as it were, on his shelf, with the gold lettering and the bevelled edges, but stripped by eager hands of the tissue paper—and he sent on his £44. Then he sat back and waited, waited for the bugle of fame to blow its welcome blast in his grateful and expectant ears.

He waited for nearly six months. Then he got a letter from the publisher saying that sales to date had been very small, and asking if the poet himself were seeing to local sales. Out went the poet and sold eighty copies in his own sphere of influence. Then he wrote to Ludgate Hill for his royalties. He was told that twelve copies had been sold, and that his royalty amounted to £1. less five and fivepence postage.

Easy is the descent from Parnassus. But what hurt most, on that slippery slope, was a paragraph in the publisher's letter which said: "As the sales have been so small, I suggest we send you copies, at special price of hundred at sixpence, carriage paid, and dispose of the balance as waste."

We have not the heart to go on with the story. But we do admire the relentless courage of the publisher who can face such tragedies unmoved, and continue his advertisements for authors to link their arm with his, and lightheartedly set out to scale Parnassus—via Ludgate Hill.

Paris Exhibition Bonds

IT is time a warning was uttered concerning the offers of bonds in various foreign enterprises made by firms operating from the Continent. These bonds are not always valueless, but they are usually offered from addresses in Paris or Brussels, with an accompaniment of impressive stationery and promises of enormous prizes in cash which every subscriber is almost bound to win.

The latest of these flat traps is fathered by the Banque Macadam Smith & Co., who describe themselves as "Dealers in Government Bonds," and give their address at 55, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris. They are issuing circulars advertising the attractiveness of "1925 Paris Exhibition Bonds at 25s. each."

We believe these bonds to be perfectly genuine. The only remark we have to make is that they can be obtained in London at 17s. 6d. each.

People who feel inclined to subscribe for securities of this sort should consider how they are to obtain redress against a firm with a foreign domicile if they should have any cause of complaint. The cost of instituting proceedings in France should give them pause.

We understand that subscribers, even if they do not win a prize, will get their money back—in seventy-five years.

On the whole, we would rather buy National Savings Certificates.

Modern Aladdin's Caves

"THE kaleidoscopic splendour of the opal makes a strong appeal to most members of the fair sex," and so T. M. Burke, an Australian land agent, uses the unlucky gem to advertise his land by a few introductory paragraphs on the dazzling glories of the Australian opal.

The people of England are offered land in the suburbs of Melbourne and Sydney on the same attractive terms that are afforded Australian clients. To meet the anticipated rush of eager buyers, the T. M. Burke Australian Land Organisation has installed itself in palatial offices at Australia House, Strand, W.C. 2.

One of our readers has obtained some printed matter, explaining how the land values of the suburbs of the Australian cities rise so rapidly that small fortunes are made by the far-seeing people who seize the opportunities thrust before them by the benevolent T. M. Burke.

All you have to do is to pay £10 as a deposit on a block of land of a value of £100 or under. The rest is payable in monthly instalments of £1. So that seven and a half years are allowed the purchaser to complete his payments.

Meanwhile, the cities are expanding. With increasing immigration the demand for land is so enormous that values soar skyward. Then is the time to sell your land at a handsome profit. When you buy your section you stipulate a reserve below which you will not sell. If you buy for £100 you fix a reserve of £180 or so. T. M. Burke will do the rest.

It sounds too good to be true. Like many other get-rich-quick propositions, it makes us wonder why the promoter does not avail himself of the golden opportunity. Why is he so eager to finance other people to make money out of Australian land when he could secure all the profits for himself?

According to one leaflet, land in the Sydney suburbs has risen in ten years from five to twenty-eight times its original value. In the suburb of Maroubra land sold for 14s. a foot in 1911 was sold for £20 a foot in 1921. So with the slogan—8d. a day!!—T. M. Burke will assist you to buy Australian land, in order that you may secure a return of several hundreds per cent. on your investment.

Is Mr. Burke pulling our legs? How is it that the people on the spot, who know land values better than anyone else, do not snap up this land? Why is it necessary to send agents 12,000 miles to sell such a profit-making investment?

These are questions to which satisfactory answers should be forthcoming before people in this country would be advised to engage in speculative Australian land investments.

Sunshine and Shadow

HOW quickly can a home once filled with joy and love and happy laughter be changed by the grim figure of stalking Death. One moment and all is sunshine; the next—sorrow and shadow.

Mrs. Howells was casually striking a match when the box caught alight, flared up, threw out a greedy arm of flame to her nightdress, and enveloped her completely. Fire is a hungry thing, waiting for no one, and the woman was burned to death.

There was no escape. Death had come quickly into the home, and as silently and stealthily he departed.

To her husband, Mr. Richard Howells, at 82, High Street, Abertidwr, registered under our free Insurance Gift, we have sent a death benefit of £250.

Two other insured readers have received from us this week benefits of £125 each for the loss of an eye, following accidents in the home.

Following JOHN BULL's announcement last week of these new Insurance benefits, we have been flooded with registrations, proof positive of our readers' appreciation and wholehearted desire to take advantage of our remarkable offer.

This week alone we have paid 274 benefits, making the wonderful total to date of 8,082. The amazing reception given to our new Insurance Gift has exceeded all our expectations.

A SQUARE DEAL FOR MOTORISTS

Road-Hogs and Road Hedge-Hogs

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

A NEW kind of road-hog would appear to have been let loose upon us. He is what you might call "the motor drunk"—a hog both ways as it were.

In the past month no fewer than sixteen of him have been sent to prison without the option. How many of him have got off with a fine, or escaped arrest, is possibly of no consequence. We must be content with our bag of sixteen, and trust that it will be a salutary warning to the others.

The extent of the gentlemen's drinkage doesn't seem very terrible when you come to look into it. One zig-zagging pussyfoot explained to the bench that all he had partaken of was "two cocktails, a bottle of wine between four and some brandy." Later he livened this up with "two or three whiskies and sodas in the afternoon," and a couple of ditto, ditto, "before dinner."

Another owned modestly to a cocktail, half a bottle of bubbly, a liqueur brandy and two subsequent w. and s's.

HOW could a person of breeding drive dangerously on such a meagre allowance, and how in the name of goodness could he possibly be drunk?

During the thirty-one days of August required for the capture and jailing of our badly-oiled sixteen, a matter of 76 persons suffered death or injury in consequence of "motor-accidents"—30 being killed outright, and the balance suitably hurt.

Nearly a dozen of them were small children. There is a saying to the effect that Providence has a special kindness for drunken men and infants. The author of the adage had probably never been on a whisky and soda joy-ride.

Life is life, however, and reason is reason. While we should have no mercy on the soused whole road-hogger, we must not forget that taking them by the large, the motorists of this country are as sober a body of men as the City of London police, and that considering the enormous number of motor-driven vehicles now on the road, the percentage of accidents is infinitesimal. Thirty deaths and forty-six cases of injury in a single month are thirty deaths and forty-six cases of injury too many, but the responsibility for all of them does not necessarily lie at the door of the motorist.

JUST as there be land rats and water rats, so are there road-hogs and road hedge-hogs, and roughly, the latter may be divided into two species, viz.: feather-pated cyclists and careless pedestrians. The utter scorn of caution exhibited by some of the former and the absolute please-do-lay-me-out attitude of some of the latter, is enough to freeze the blood.

Rightly or wrongly, the motorist has been described as the terror of the King's highway, but rightly and with plenty to spare, you may describe the cyclist and the pedestrian as the terror of the motorist.

Of course, in view of the present epidemic of accidents, all sorts of persons are wading in with "remedies" and "antidotes." One pundit in particular delivers himself of the following: "The best means of ensuring the safety of the roads is to compel drivers to realise that they must regulate their speed according to the need of the moment." As this is exactly what the average driver is in the habit of doing for his own safety's sake, compulsion seems a bit out of the question.

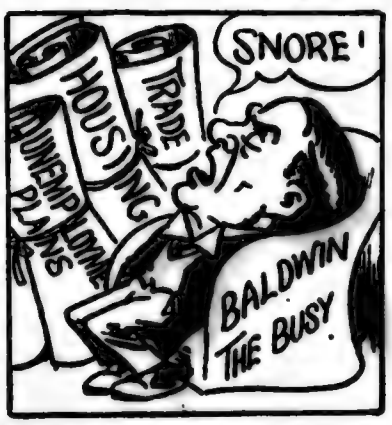
FOR my own part, I think that what is wanted is an extension of the existing road controls in a manner which would not confine the attentions of the police almost exclusively to motorists, as is at present the case. If it is an offence in the motorist to drive on the wrong side of the highway, it should be an offence for the pedestrian to perambulate on the wrong side.

The liberty of the subject is a fine thing, but motorists are just as much subjects, and just as entitled to their rights as pedestrians—a fact which authority is sometimes apt to overlook.

If a motorist can be fined for driving dangerously, I see no reason why the traveller on shanks' pony shouldn't be served with the same sauce for walking dangerously.

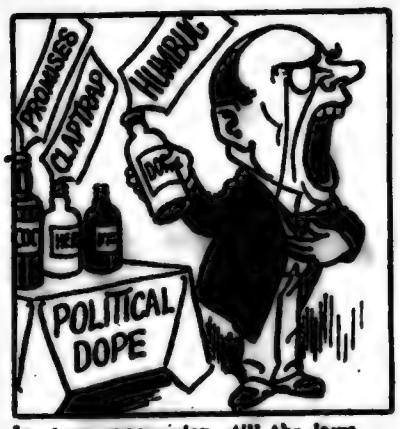
CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND



We thought when he took up the post
He'd heard the call of duty,
But since then he's become almost
A sort of "sleeping beauty."

What are the German Chiefs of State
But puppets of their "Kings"!
It's plain as day they all obey
The hand that pulls the strings.



In dope suppression still the laws
In some ways are remiss,
Or they'd "arrest" the sort of post
Who deals in dope like this.

The patience of the unemployed
May win our admiration,
But let's take care or their despair
May end in desperation.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

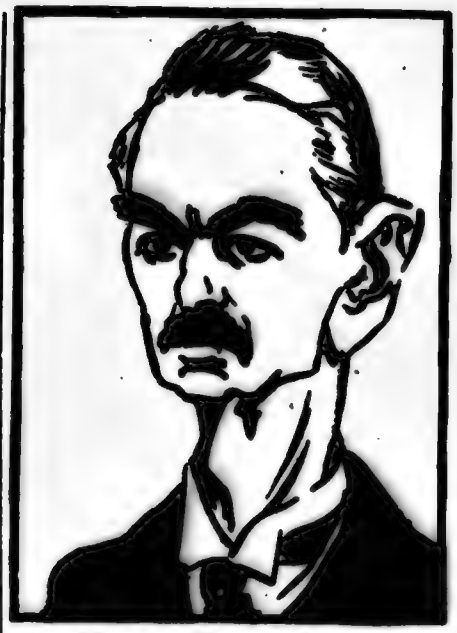
Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THERE is no doubt that Neville Chamberlain has, socially speaking, pulled himself together during the last year or so. He is still morose and sullen on occasion, and he will never be as popular as Austen, but his manner has improved enormously of late months, and he is rapidly acquiring the parliamentary veneer so necessary to front-benchers. Many a man has been acclaimed a genius because his gestures and intonations were those of an orator, or because he carried on a private conversation in the manner of one addressing a mass-meeting.

THE new Chancellor, I regret to say, is not a genius. But he is a practical man—in the meaning of that phrase as understood by an eminently unpractical world! That is to say, he has considerable executive ability, plus a goodly share of energy. Give him a job to do, and he'll do it better than most people. But he must know all about it before he starts doing it. Leaps in the dark are not for him. Everything must be as well cut and as thoroughly dried as is reasonably possible. He has inherited the caution and the cunning, without the daring, of his famous father.

To what extent a Chancellor of the Exchequer should be endowed with imagination and originality of outlook, it is difficult to say. I, personally, think that if he showed the smallest tendency to strike out on a line of his own, his medical adviser would suddenly discover that he stood in need of a protracted rest—which is the respectable way of informing the public that a minister has got the sack!



Mr. Neville Chamberlain, M.P.

I AM, at any rate, pretty certain that Mr. Chamberlain will not be ordered to the Riviera for the sake of his health. There isn't the least likelihood that he will do anything out of the common. He will produce the budgets of his predecessors, slightly varied, according to the circumstances, by his underlings. He will take no chances and make no drastic changes. He is possessed of sufficient hard headedness to let well alone as far as is possible. He will stand or fall by the policy of his associates. He will have the courage of the opinions of his Government.

One cannot blame him for this. We are living through a period of crises, and no Government could exist without unanimity. That may be the reason why all the big political personalities just now are ploughing their lonely furrows. There seems to be no place for them in a worried world. The Cabinet must keep its head, and Mr. Baldwin is very wisely arranging that it shall only have one head to keep.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN is hardly a personality at all. He is a typical committee-man. If you met him in a place where he couldn't be overlooked (because there was no one else in sight), you would say "Good morning," mention the state of the weather, and then decide not to continue the conversation.

Which behaviour on your part would meet with his unqualified approval, because he doesn't believe in wasting words. His work is his recreation. There is little or no sentiment about him. He is a sort of political Robot—a bit stiff in the joints as yet, but a first-rate workman in harness.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To SIGNOR MUSSOLINI,
Prime Minister of Italy.

SIGNOR,—Your dramatic ultimatum, and subsequent action, with regard to Greece, endangering as it does the peace of Europe, has been received with dismay by the rest of the world. While no one will criticise your demand that Greece should apologise and pay for the murder of the members of the Italian delegation, some of the terms of your note are dangerously provocative, and are reminiscent of the fatal Austrian note to Servia in 1914, which threw the world into chaos. Please remember that a firm hand does not necessarily mean a mailed fist. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. the EARL of GUILFORD,
Waldershare Park, Dover.

MY LORD,—There is already a toll-bridge on the Ramsgate-Sandwich road and you are suggesting another, apparently with the object of restricting the free movement of motorists and cyclists who have annoyed your tenants by disrobing and bathing within view of their sacred windows. But you live in the 20th century, not the 13th, and if you think the public will submit to such highhanded treatment you show yourself right behind the times. And if you still retain the right, as you boast, to close the road and foreshore to the public, rest assured that it is a purely nominal right and that you wouldn't for a moment be permitted to exercise it. Come down to earth. JOHN BULL.

To HENRY BRECKINRIDGE Esq., ex-Assistant Sec. for War, Washington, U.S.A.

SIR,—You have seen fit to fan the anti-British feeling in your country by describing Lord Birkenhead's recent references to ex-President Wilson as "insolent and contemptible." To any sane-minded person they were nothing of the sort. In studiously moderate and friendly language, Lord Birkenhead, in reply to an American invitation, was examining the causes of the present unhappy world situation. This situation is largely due to the policy of the United States, and the contention that Lord Birkenhead should have handed round bouquets instead of honest criticisms is preposterous and insulting. If American views on England were always as restrained and courteous in tone we should have less to complain about. JOHN BULL.

To W. B. CLODE, Esq., K.C.,
President, Railway Rates Tribunal.

SIR,—Travellers all over the country are alarmed and disgusted to hear that the companies are asking your tribunal for powers to raise season-ticket rates, and at the same time piously protesting that it does not necessarily follow that these powers will be exercised. If they don't intend to use them what on earth is the good of asking for them? An extra tax for the overburdened business man is evidently in contemplation and I look to you to turn it down JOHN BULL.

WHAT A LIFE!

There's no rest for the weary.

To RONALD TRUE,
Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum.

LUCKY DOG,—So you've taken to lyric-writing. It's pretty clear that you're not as mad as a former Home Secretary thought. Your poetic outbursts suggest that you expect some day to be free again. Well, not if I know it, and I'm bound to know it, for I'm keeping my eye on you. If ever you leave Broadmoor it will be to go to jail, where you ought really to be now. JOHN BULL.

To J. CLOSE, Esq.,
Borough Coroner, Derby.

SIR,—Considerable discussion is taking place among the people of Derby over some of your recent verdicts, particularly in regard to the case of a boy who was killed by a motor 'bus. In spite of conflicting evidence, you chose to put the blame on a motor cyclist whose evidence was not even heard. Don't you think that after 40 years in your job, and with physical disabilities that interfere with your work, you would be doing a good thing to get out? Derby does. JOHN BULL.

To the CHIEF OFFICER,
Warminster Fire Brigade.

SIR,—For attending a rick fire, you have presented the farmer with a bill for £113 17s. 4d., much more than the rick was worth. The items include £24 for three officers, £45 for eleven firemen, £16 for sixteen helpers, £10 for the use of the fire engine and £6 5s. for refreshments. For a body of public-spirited altruists I must say your brigade takes the biscuit. Are there really people in Warminster who have been fools enough to pay these comic bills of yours? JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-General SIR T. L. N. MORLAND, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., Aldershot.

SIR,—The evidence given at the District Court Martial on Trooper Francis William Aston has a very ugly look. He was charged with assaulting his superior officer, Sergeant Birch of the Military Police, and with resisting arrest. The Court dismissed the first charge and two witnesses for the defence said that the treatment of Aston by the police moved the crowd to cries of "Shame!" The man himself said they nearly strangled him. It looks as though the military police in Aldershot are abusing their authority. Such a state of things is bad for discipline, and I hope you will have a straight talk about it with your A.P.M. JOHN BULL.

To Brother AMOS TOMLINSON,
High Chief Ruler of Rechabites, Bristol.

WORSHIPFUL BROTHER,—I can't weep with you over the declining membership in the ranks of your society. I take it as a sure sign that the people of this country are gradually getting tired of faddists and cranks, and that they appreciate the difference between true temperance and arbitrary teetotalism. My contention that many of you are out for self-advertisement is borne out by the explanation that your fellow Rechabites did not express gratitude to their brother crank, Mr. Scrymgeour for his efforts in Parliament, because "he seemed to want to walk off with all the plumes." There you've got it. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. HERBERT RYLE, K.C.V.O., D.D., Dean of Westminster.

SIR,—You might have thought twice before offering the pulpit of Westminster Abbey to the Rev. R. C. Griffith of St. Martin's, Norwich. This sincere but misguided clergyman told his congregation, among other extravagant assertions, that he had seen cancer cured by spiritual healing in twenty minutes. Don't you see the incalculable harm these wild and unsubstantiated statements do? The whole performance will have a deplorable effect, and you haved one grave disservice to the public peace of mind by permitting it. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour.

IS VACCINATION A MYTH?

THE community is dividing itself into two great sections over the question of Vaccination. The insistence of the one is only equalled by the resistance of the other. The Ministry of Health must scientifically settle the matter.

THIS week we propose to address a few plain words to the new Minister of Health. The topic is as old as the most ancient inhabitant and as up-to-date as the last new-born baby—Vaccination.

Is vaccination against small-pox a true scientific remedy or a hoary superstition? Is the modern doctor prepared to defend the system against enlightened criticism or is he following blindly in the footprints of his predecessors, never troubling to inquire whether they were right or wrong?

Sir Wm. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Minister for Health.

These are questions which must be answered and they will not be disposed of by mere angry declamation. Rightly or wrongly a vast section of the community has ceased to believe in Vaccination. They are supported in their disbelief by eminent medical authority.

Frequently the conscientious objector finds his own doctor privately on his side, although he may not have courage enough publicly to disavow the established practice of the profession.

The natural instincts of parents revolt from the notion of injecting into the pure blood-stream of the child matter taken from the diseased abdomen of a cow, and their disgust is not lessened when an outspoken medical authority declares that the only human disease to which cow-pox is comparable is syphilis.

Yet, on the other hand, the horror of smallpox still haunts the public mind. If vaccination is the true remedy, or to speak more accurately, the infallible preventative, we must pay the price.

THE conscientious objector to vaccination is for the most part neither a fool nor a fanatic. Convince him that vaccination is not a medical superstition, but a true scientific practice, and he will do his duty; but as long as medical opinion is acutely divided, as long as grave doubts exist, his conscience urges him to keep his healthy babies out of the reach of the public vaccinator.

The argument from statistics leads us nowhere. As vaccination has declined so has smallpox, but no one can speak with certainty of cause and effect. Before the era of vaccination smallpox was rampant, but so was typhoid fever, and so were a dozen other diseases, bred in filth, and fostered by the lack of air and sunshine.

Small wonder when town gutters ran with ordure, when sanitation was an unknown science, when even Buckingham Palace drained into an underlying cesspool to whose noxious presence the doctors traced the almost fatal illness of the Prince of Wales.

The whole case of the vaccinationists, in so far as it rests upon vital statistics, is vitiated by the fact that the introduction of compulsory vaccination synchronised with the beginning of a decent sanitary system, with the birth of the science of public health, with a saving realisation of the value of fresh air and sunshine as God's own prophylactics against fell disease.

In little more than half-a-century small-pox has become practically extinct. "Thanks to vaccination" cry the disciples of Dr. Jenner. "Thanks to measures of public health, to sanitation and cleanliness" rejoin the anti-vaccinationists. And so the time-worn controversy goes on.

IT is time it was ended. Upon a question which divides the medical profession and causes acute questioning in the minds of the educated public, the Ministry of Health has no right to take up an attitude of unyielding dogmatism.

The new head of this department, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, is a Minister who may be looked to for better things, and we strongly suggest to him that the time has come to appoint a Royal Commission of unimpeachable scientific authority to examine the evidence for and against, vaccination and so give a clear and decisive lead to thinking men and women.

The health of our children is too vital a consideration to be treated in the present loose and haphazard fashion. In this matter prejudice and passion are alike perilous. What is the scientific truth?

The Dreaded Winter

THERE is no disguising the fact that we are faced with another terrible winter of unemployment. The official figures show little diminution on previous years, and from now onwards, they will tend to increase.

What are the Government doing in the matter? What evidence is there that they have grasped the tragic immensity of the problem.

Political thinkers as widely opposed in opinion as the leaders of the Labour Party on the one hand, and the Industrial Group in the House of Commons on the other, are equally aghast at the apparent failures of the Baldwin Cabinet to grasp the requirements of the situation.

What are these requirements? They may be summed up in one word—Work. Not doles, but honest labour; not charity, but the chance to earn a living by the energy of body and brain.

The Government policy, if it may be dignified by the name, outlined before the Recess, does not go nearly far enough. The aim should be to provide enough work to go round; and for this purpose, strong pressure should be exerted upon railway companies and similar undertakings to release their reserves, and put in hand their schemes of reconstruction.

If half the money spent on doles had been used to finance labour-providing enterprises we should have avoided the worst evils of unemployment.

We shall expect a bold pronouncement from Mr. Baldwin the moment he returns from his holiday abroad:

Football Cheats

THE football season has opened with a swing; and we therefore venture a gentle warning to those enthusiasts who find that a harmless "flutter" improves the flavour of their favourite sport.

Unfortunately the football betting business is honeycombed with fraud, although this season, as in previous years, we mean to see that the offenders have a short run for their money.

In our view a man who indulges in a bet or wager on a football match is engaged in a perfectly legitimate transaction and has as much right to protection against cheats and swindlers as in any other relation of business.

But we cannot do everything. Let the punter beware. In all seriousness we warn our sporting readers to deal only with football coupon firms of established repute, to require recommendations before opening accounts with unknown agents, and especially to avoid all dealings with the firms against whom in the future, as in the past, we shall continue to publish warnings.

It is a great pity that in football and racing, honest sportsmen should be victimised by thieves and rascals. There is no help for it, however, until the police take a more serious view of their duty to the sporting public.

Tryon Must Go

IT is essential that the Minister of Pensions should enjoy the confidence of ex-Service men. To-day, unfortunately, the requirement is not satisfied. In the post of Pensions' Minister, which is not merely an office of profit under the Crown, but a sacred trusteeship for a grateful people, Major Tryon has utterly failed to make good.

Among the pensioners his name has become a by-word for cheeseparing and niggardliness, for red tape and officialism, for every unlovely quality of the bureaucratic mind. Major Tryon must go and with him this harsh and illiberal interpretation of the State's bounden duty to the men who won the war.

In the last two years 629,500 men have been deprived of their pensions entirely, while many thousands of others have suffered drastic reductions. These wholesale cancellations have been the work of the "Medical Boards," and from every part of the country we receive complaints of the heartless and perfunctory manner in which too often these duties have been discharged.

We hear of men in ill-health compelled to strip naked and wait about in draughty corridors for examination; of pain and illness ignored or pooh-poohed; of genuine invalids reduced to beggary by the unjust fiats of careless or incompetent examiners.

The whole subject is ripe for the attention of Parliament when, if Major Tryon elects to face the music, he will be hard put to it to defend the methods of his Department.

The nation intended, and still intends that the men whose valour saved our liberties should be treated with justice and even with generosity.

The Boomerang

THERE is no harder maxim of the Christian faith than: "Forgive your enemies." At the bare suggestion the natural man revolts. Revenge is sweet. "Do to others as they do to you," is the too frequent inversion of the Golden Rule.

Yet what would the world come to if we did, if evil were regularly returned for evil, if blow repaid blow. Chaos and anarchy, a headlong descent to ruin. The alternative to forgiving your enemy is to remain at enmity with him, to perpetuate strife.

Along this path there is no hope, it is the way of death, for men and for nations. We cannot afford the luxury of that. Revenge is a boomerang; it recoils with deadly force on the revenger.

There is but one way permanently to disarm an enemy, and that is to forgive him. Then the fangs of hate are drawn, and the arm of vengeance is withered.

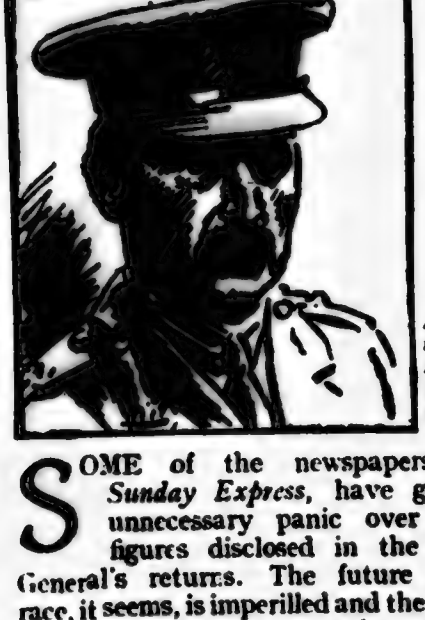
Forgive your enemy and he is no longer an enemy. Most of the plans for universal peace that have been tried and have failed, have been plans for keeping enemies apart. No human barriers have been strong enough for the purpose.

The only safe way with an enemy is to forgive him. Peace can only come when the peoples of the earth are friends.

The Birth Control Panic

by A. G. GARDINER

THAT vexed question, "Birth Control," has once more been brought into prominence by the Registrar General's returns which show that the birth-rate is declining. Sane analysis of these returns however must effectively silence the panic cries. But there is a much more serious menace which in the name of humanity must be removed.



Lord Dawson of Penn, the Distinguished Physician and Advocate of Birth Control

SOME of the newspapers, notably the *Sunday Express*, have got into a very unnecessary panic over the birth-rate figures disclosed in the last Registrar-General's returns. The future of the British race, it seems, is imperilled and the fate of the whole white civilisation is at stake. If the tendency that the figures disclose is not stayed, and if the gospel of birth control is not suppressed, the sun of England will set over a depopulated earth and this country will return to

". . . a wilderness indeed,
Peopled with wolves, its old inhabitants."

I think this panic is premature and excessive.

It is true that the vital statistics for the second quarter of this year are remarkable. The birth-rate—20.7 per 1,000 of the population—was lower than any previously recorded except during the war. But this isn't a new feature in our social life, nor ought it to be looked at without regard to the mortality statistics. Both the birth-rate and the death-rate have been declining for a generation. Year by year fewer children per thousand of the population have been coming into the world, but, on the other hand, fewer people per thousand have been going out of the world.

EVERY child that is born into the world has a better chance of living to a green old age than it ever had. The frightful infant mortality—often more than 200 per 1,000—which used to be the shame and scandal of the industrial towns, has been enormously diminished, and the improvements in sanitation, in cleanliness, in the knowledge and treatment of disease, have made the general life of the people longer in duration and better in quality than it was in the past.

Why should we throw our hands up in despair at the declining birth-rate and neglect to rejoice at the falling death-rate? Why should the preachers of panic ignore the fact that the infant mortality of the country during the past three months was the lowest on record, and 18 per 1,000 below the average for the past ten years? If the choice is between a thousand infants being born into the world of whom 200 are doomed to die in their first year, and only 800 being born of whom 66 die, can any reasonable person doubt which is preferable from the point of view of the commonwealth?

FOR the high death-rate is only a symptom of the general poverty of the life that survives. It means that the standard of vitality of those who live is miserably low, and that multitudes of them, instead of being an asset, will be a burden to society. Until we realise that the important consideration in the matter is not the quantity of life, but the quality of life we produce, our whole attitude to the problem of population will be ignorant and mistaken.

I wish the alarm which exists in some quarters at the falling birth-rate could be turned into indignation at the conditions which await thousands of those who have the misfortune to be born. Take the case at Willesden which is reported in the paper that lies before me. A landlady applies for an ejectment order against a family who occupy one small room in her house. The family consists of father, mother and five children—seven persons living and sleeping in one small room. The father and three of the children are consumptive and the mother is about to give birth to a sixth child. The landlady wants to get rid of them, not because they do not pay their rent, but because of the danger of infection—a very natural ground of concern. But the only place the unhappy father has been offered is a council house at a rent of 26s. a week, which he says is about the amount he earns at his job.

WHAT is one to say of a pitiful tale like this? What are the chances of those little children in the years that lie before them? Are we to rejoice at that prolific mother bringing more tainted life into that crowded room of doomed children, or ought we not rather to feel that until society can give the shelter of a decent house to its new life, it would be better that that life should not come into being?

This Willesden case does not stand alone. There are thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of such cases in the country to-day, in the rural districts no less than in the towns. And in the face of such hideous facts I am driven to the conclusion that the moral aspect of birth restriction is profoundly changed. No moral wrong seems comparable with that of bringing into the world children who never can have a chance, and who are condemned to disease and squalor from the cradle to the grave. It is a wrong to them, and it is a wrong to society which is impoverished and weakened by the drain of this inefficient, unhealthy life.

From the moral point of view it might be reasonably urged that the verdict is with those who act on the principle that the quality of the life they engender is of more importance than the quantity. I can only assume that it is on that principle that the English clergy, who a generation ago were known for the large dimensions of their families, have now with one exception the lowest birth-rate to their credit of any class of the community. In the circumstances of to-day they are an extremely needy class. They cannot afford large families, and being responsible people with a sense of what is due from themselves to their children they do not have large families. That fact is all that needs to be said on the moral aspect of the controversy. The morality that is good enough for the clergy ought not to be a sin in the Willesden consumptive and the dweller in the slum.

AS to the attempt to raise a panic cry about the extinction of the race, it is manifestly silly. Even in the past three months with its record low birth-rate, there were 198,831 births against 114,040 deaths, so that the population of the country actually increased by 84,791. The danger that menaces us, in short, is not that we are going to have too few people for our needs, but that we are going to have too many to feed.

During the past three weeks the unemployed returns show an increase of 30,000, and it is pretty certain that before the winter is over two million bread winners will be out of work. That, and not the declining birth-rate, is the terrific shadow that darkens our future.

What the Bis

Purists on the prowl are prone to attribute vile motives to innocent actions.

I AM not going to believe that Hyde Park, Clapham Common, Hilly Fields, Hackney, Hampstead Heath and Primrose Hill are the scenes of such licenciousness as the Bishop of London, president of the London Council for the Promotion of Public Morality, flushed with shame, has been declaring in the daily Press.

Like thousands of other people, I know some of these places very well, and as I go about with my eyes open, though I have noticed demonstrative couples cuddling on the grass, I cannot corroborate that in Hyde Park "in broad daylight persons are to be seen openly misconducting themselves and committing acts of the grossest indecency."

At night the condition of things is alleged to be much worse. On ten nights inspectors of the L.C.P.P.M. were on the prowl in Hyde Park and reported witnessing 746 cases of impropriety, indecency or immorality: that is an average of about 75 each night. Ten nights they devoted themselves to spying in the other places and saw 2,615 "causes of complaint," or over 250 a night.

Obviously the inspectors cannot see all that goes on in these open spaces after dusk; but if their figures are to be accepted then Hyde Park and all the other places will be avoided by everybody who wants to be considered respectable.

Is it not just possible that these ardent stalkers of wrong-doing may have misinterpreted the ardent lovemaking of the milkman toward the house-maid on her night out? For a young couple to embrace in a country lane may be idyllic. But when several hundreds of them loll on the grass of Hyde Park in the evening, having nowhere else to go, as country lanes are not handy, it is not surprising that purists on the prowl may jump to the worst conclusions.

Sir Lionel Earle, whose department of the Office of Works has jurisdiction over Hyde Park, says his own officers have gone there "night after night and they have not seen all the things the Bishop of London's inspectors have seen." "Personally," he adds, "I do not view with horror and alarm the spectacle of young couples ensconced behind a bush," and that will be the attitude of most folk who do not belong to the narrow-minded brigade.

Nonsense from Mr. Newbold

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

IN last week's JOHN BULL we published without comment an article by Mr. J. T. Walton Newbold, the Communist M.P., in which he attacked "A Gentleman with a Duster," for criticising his (Mr. Newbold's) political views. Here "A Gentleman with a Duster" makes a scathing reply to that attack.

Mr. J. T. W. Newbold, the Communist M.P. for Motherwell

WHEN a man of little learning, and no experience in handling great matters, sets himself up as the Solon of the age, prepared to supply an entirely new order of society for the whole world, it is kind to conclude that he is suffering from some form of mental illness.

To say that he is immodest is not enough. We feel that vanity so colossal can be only a symptom of some far graver disease. And we are right. Psychology now tells us that every windy extremist suffers from an inflamed and irritable conceit, which so magnifies and distorts the sense of his own importance that throughout the whole universe of God, he can see nothing else in its true proportions.

SUCH appears to be the sad condition of Mr. J. T. Walton Newbold, Communist member of Parliament for the Motherwell division of Lanark, if I may judge by his incoherent attack upon me, published in last week's issue of this journal. To begin with, the first outpouring of his contempt, very significantly, gushes upon my anonymity Modesty in his eyes is craven cowardice. We should all have the bawling self-assertion of cheapjack and showman. Our names should be advertised with our wares, like Eno's fruit salts, Liebig's beef juice, Selfridge's ready-made overcoats, and Mr. Lovat Fraser's italics. If we lack the tiresome egoism of Mrs. Asquith, or the bashing truculence of Mr. Newbold, how can we pretend to have ideas?

Let me assure my critic that love of truth can co-exist in the mind with dislike of limelight, and that a writer who ventures to submit ideas for the consideration of his fellow-men, namelessly, in order that the ideas themselves and not his own ambition should be advanced, may justly hope to be as useful a public servant as any quack of the hustings or any egomaniac of the hoardings.

The middle of Mr. Newbold's onslaught is also symptomatic of the same serious neurotic disturbance. He denies my charge that the Communist is sowing class-hatred by denouncing the solid middle-classes. "He cannot," says Comrade Newbold, "denounce that which has no existence in fact." What has become of our solid middle-classes? Mr. Newbold tells us. The poor fools have been swindled out of existence by company-promoters!

I think his affection for Moscow has impaired his vision and disturbed his mind. Because the incompetent middle-classes of Russia have been destroyed like vermin by the insanitary inspectors of Mongolian Communism, Mr. Newbold believes that the capable British middle-classes have been destroyed by his pet bogey, Capitalism. He sees what he wants to see—Paradise in Russia, Gehenna in Great Britain.

THIS is not nonsense enough for Mr. Newbold. From telling us that the solid middle-classes have ceased to exist he proceeds in the next breath to offer his sympathy to the dead-and-alive residue. He would save these suffering and hopeless wretches, not only from bloodthirsty monsters like Lord Leverhulme, Mr. Cadbury, and Mr. W. L. Hichens, but even from deceiving scoundrels like the present writer. He would mother them into Communism. They are to jump from the infernal frying-pan of Mr. Reginald McKenna into the kindly fire of Comrade Newbold.

Mr. Newbold believes that he can cure the whole world of its immemorial ills. That is a claim of some magnitude. But what are we to think of the poor fellow, the one solitary Communist in the House of Commons, for whom 8,262 people voted in a constituency of nearly 30,000, when he claims that the middle-classes of Great Britain are visibly perishing for want of Communism, and will very soon turn their flaming wrath against Mr. Newbold's critics?

If the member for Motherwell would steady his brain for a moment, and look calmly over the huge world, he would see that only two great nations at this chaotic hour in human history, stand with any reality of endurance. They are Great Britain and the United States of America. And in both those countries individualism and the service of capital have their widest freedom. He would also see that not even Germany, on the rack of military and economic ruin, is so hopelessly shattered into anarchy as uninvaded Communistic Russia.

The end of Mr. Newbold's attack is so clearly the utterance of a suffering mind, that I need only quote it to advertise the pitiful condition of its author. He says of me:

"He may turn the first wrath of his dupes against the Communists. *Their* second and deliberate wrath will be for 'A Gentleman With a Duster.'"

WHILE I await, with what poor courage I can muster, the second and deliberate revolver bullet of a *bourgeois* assassin, let me tell Mr. Newbold why I venture to think that he is quite unfit to sit in the House of Commons or to address any rational audience.

I do not doubt his sincerity for one moment. He is by no means a hypocrite. On the contrary, I believe that his heart is deeply stirred by the dreadful sufferings of people who through no fault of their own, are the victims of a war-wrecked world. But I am sure that in an excess of emotional sympathy, Mr. Newbold, having conceived the idea that he can put things right, and put them right against the will of the overwhelming majority of intelligent people throughout the whole world, has lost the power of clear thinking and coherent utterance. I am sure that he can contribute nothing to the convalescence of the world. I am sure that he may do at least something to hinder its recovery.

IF he is wise he will retire from politics and seek out some quiet place in Scotland or Canada, where by hard and healthy work in the open air, he can earn a man's living, and where he can light his solitary lamp at night and make a beginning in the study of history. What he must most shun in his present condition is publicity; what he most needs is privacy and peace, even anonymity. Moscow and the Platform are as dangerous to him just now as whisky to a dipsomaniac.

Let him go to sleep night after night, telling his unconscious mind that the world can do without him.

Bishop Saw

by Sir JOHN FOSTER FRASER

But without branding every young woman who lies on the grass of Hyde Park on a summer evening, with the arms of a sweetheart around her, as a prostitute, there is much laxity of conduct which requires the attention of the police. Few women can sit in the Park at any time of the day without being leered at, and no man can cross the Park at night without being importuned by some poor wretched woman whose pleadings often excite pity rather than resentment. And there is often the girl out of a job, down on her luck, taking to the oldest profession in the world, not because she is vicious but because she is hungry. They can all be seen in Hyde Park.

The police constantly on duty are, I believe, well acquainted with the habitues in Hyde Park and the more loathsome are not women. But since a notorious case, when a well-known man was charged with molesting, and a verdict was given against the uncorroborated testimony of the police, an impression has grown that the police can do nothing unless a civilian complains or a member of the public will give evidence

This should not be.

Although it would be an outrage if an edict went forward that the police should arrest every couple they found in Hyde Park with their arms round each other, it would be commonsense if the magistrates made it plain that the police were justified in warning notorious bad characters, and were justified in arresting them if they pursued their traffic in a park intended for the enjoyment of the whole community.

After the allegations of the Bishop of London probably thousands of nice men and women will be very shy about sitting on a couple of chairs under a tree when evening begins to fall over Hyde Park—and that will be regrettable.

There are night sights in certain streets of London which are worse than are to be seen in any other capital in the world and which do very much astonish the foreign visitor. But they are not to be removed by chivying the bedaubed "daughter of joy" from place to place. It is better to enclose and control a sewer than let it raucously run unchecked down the main street.

Secret Betting by Famous Jockeys

UNTIL effective measures are taken to prevent jockeys from betting on races in which they are riding, the Turf will never be clean. The almost farcical fashion in which races are "cooked" by unscrupulous riders in order to line their own pockets with the money of the public is graphically described in this article.

by A LEADING JOCKEY

JOCKEYS do not bet."

How often do we hear that shouted at us by people who really believe it. One of these days the same type of mind may reveal to us that cats don't eat canaries when they get the chance, and the one statement is about as true as the others. Jockeys don't go along the rails competing with Mr. "Jimmy" Rothschilds and the others who indulge in regular tilts with the ring, but they achieve the same end by a different road.

Some months ago a certain racecourse tout was set on by a gang of "boys," and received a mauling that will probably keep him off racecourses for the rest of his life. It was assumed that it was merely part of the usual feud between two racecourse gangs, but there are many men connected with racing who know the true story has a direct bearing on what I now say of the prevalence of betting among jockeys.

THE tout in question learned through the indiscretion of a girl in the employment of a bookmaker that an account in the name of a lady client was really that of a jockey who has the reputation of being very severe on gambling among his colleagues. The tout demanded money as the price of his silence. He was given a sum after the aid of a solicitor had been sought, and warned that it was all he would ever get.

He disregarded the warning, and the savage assault followed as a more effective silencer. Now one or two of the gang, who were bribed to "lay out" the blackmailer, are making themselves disagreeable, and it is possible that the whole story may come out in court before long.

If it does you can take it that the jockey chiefly implicated will hasten his contemplated retirement, but he is not alone, and if the stewards of the Jockey Club were to employ a capable agent making discreet inquiries in the proper quarters, they would be surprised at the ease with which it is possible to obtain evidence of betting among jockeys.

Some of the jockeys bet openly with bookmakers, trusting that the latter will keep silence for the sake of hearing of good things that they can make something out of by laying off with brother layers, but the really clever ones resort to subterfuge, and work their commissions through friends.

At a meeting in the Midlands in the early part of the season, a young jockey whose services are much in demand at the present time, had been retained to ride a certain horse that was not expected to do more than have a pipe-opener in that particular race. Stable plans were changed at the last minute owing to the fact that the horse had given a glimpse of its best form in a trial, and when it was found that this secret had been so well kept that the horse was likely to start at a fine outside price, the stable thought they would have the win of their lives, and the eleventh-hour instructions to the jockey made it clear to him that he was expected to win at all costs.

UNFORTUNATELY for the stable plans, the jockey in question had been told some days before of a "good thing" in the same race, and had arranged with his brother to place a considerable sum on this "job" with a London bookmaker, under circumstances that would prevent the money returning to the course. He was thus in the awkward position that if he won on his own mount he stood to lose, and others who usually stood in with him over the jobs he put them wise about also stood to drop big sums.

The horse he was to ride is a temperamental animal, and use of the whip invariably causes it to refuse to struggle, though if the whip is kept away, it is one of the gamest animals racing when fit, and it certainly was fit on that day.

The jockey I have in mind knew this peculiarity, and was reminded of it as part of his riding instructions, yet in the course of the race, when it seemed that nothing could prevent his animal winning the race, he deliberately gave the horse two or three sharp cuts. When he did so he thought he was unobserved, but as a matter of fact I had him under observation, because I knew, through a colleague who was in the swim with him, of his awkward predicament, and I was curious to see how he would reconcile his duty to his employers with his own interest in the other animal.

THE inevitable happened. The horse resented the use of the whip, gave up the struggle and was nearer last than first. There was a row, the trainer and the owner, both well known to me, threatened to take the jockey before the stewards on the charge of deliberately disregarding instructions, but he reminded them of certain incidents in the past running of this particular animal, about which he also could tell a story to the stewards, and they were forced to withdraw their threat.

Neither owner nor trainer knew anything of the interest the jockey had in the other horse which won the race after his mount retired from the struggle, but they have since learned the truth, as the result of a dispute between the brother of this jockey and the bookmaker with whom the original bet was made.

HOWEVER, they dare not place before the stewards what they know, for the simple reason that the jockey knows too much about them, and is in a position to intimidate them under circumstances as nearly akin to blackmail as anything I have ever heard of.

If trainers know facts like these, you may ask, why do they not move? If I have made myself at all clear in previous articles, I think I have shown that the trainers and owners best able to give evidence are just the type who have gained their knowledge through being accessories before and after the fact, and dare not speak out for fear of being treated as accomplices of the crooked jockeys.

I have previously referred to feuds between different groups of jockeys, but I have not before shown the way in which the rivalry between these groups enters into the betting transactions of some of our gambling riders. Yet this is the case.

THREE of the dirtiest riders in British racing to-day were concerned in the deliberate baulking of the mount of a young apprentice, who had not been involved in any of the feuds, and as it could not be said that the trio had a grudge against the lad, it was assumed that the affair was an accident, until it came out that the real offence of the young rider was that he threatened danger to the mount of a fourth member of the gang who was riding a "readied" horse, which had been heavily backed by the gang and their friends.

That incident happened at a West Country meeting, and though the facts are not known to the public they are in the jockeys' room.

The success of White Bud in the Lincolnshire last March was supposed to be a big surprise. It may have been so to the public generally, but in the inner circle of racing the success of this animal was anticipated, and it would have come as a big shock to the racing public had they known that jockeys riding certain horses in that race had their maximum bet on White Bud.

It was the same with the Stewards' Cup. Every English horse entered in that race was heavily backed, but would they have been so backed if the public had known what I know of the extent to which some of the crack riders had put their money on the French horse?

IT may be that the Frenchman was the certainty he was supposed to be, but there is always the suspicion that where riders have a financial interest in the victory of one horse, they can hardly be counted on to do justice to their own mounts.

One of the most laughable sights I have seen from the saddle in all my racing career occurred at a northern meeting within the last three weeks. For days there had been whispers of the ability of a certain horse, and the good thing had been heavily backed on the day by jockeys, trainers and owners, not excepting those interested in other horses in that particular race. It would have paid some of the stables to keep their horses out of the race, but in the interests of a good price there were few forfeits, though it was well known that there was only one trier in the race.

The public alone did not know that there was a wide range of betting. Something annoyed the horse, and it looked as though it was going to turn up the "job." Then began the comedy of nearly a score of riders trying their hardest not to win, and to let the unwilling horse get its head in front.

IN the end the race was won "according to plan," but if the other animals had revealed anything like their true form, or had the race been run without the screening effects of a heaven-sent fog, the farce could not have been kept from the public, and nearly a score of stables would have been more badly hit than if they had backed their own losing animals.

As it was, jockeys, trainers, owners and stable connections won heavily, while the poor punters who piled the money on to the non-trying form horse lost thousands, and are still talking of the unreliability of form in northern selling races.

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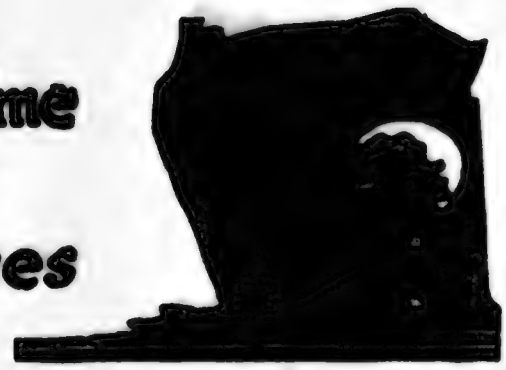

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

The Judgment of Solomon

"I AM a young married woman. Three weeks ago an elderly gentleman came up to me on a seaside promenade and asked me if I were So-and-so, mentioning my maiden name. I said I was.

"He then told me that he was my mother's uncle, which turned out to be true. Further than that, he told me that the woman I have always looked upon as my mother was not my mother at all, but my father's second wife.

"It now appears that I am the child of my father's first wife, who ran away from him and was supposed to have been drowned. My father married again, brought up a family, and has since died. Now my real mother has turned up and frets greatly for the child she has lost, which is myself.

"My supposed mother has treated me with the utmost kindness through life from a baby. Now the question I want to ask you is this—is it fair and just for me to tell my supposed mother in her old age that she has never been a wife and that her children are illegitimate? Is it fair and just for me to have to tell this story to my husband? I have thought and thought until I cannot think."

"Humanist" says: *Why not tell your husband? You have done nothing to be ashamed of. Surely he will keep your secret. I think you might also see your real mother. Surely she, too, will keep your secret? Then keep your own secret. Why should you tell your supposed mother something that will do you no good and cause her infinite distress? After all, she, too, is blameless.*

A Rich Blackguard

"A terrible trouble is mine. My husband is in an institution owing to delusions brought about by the worry of financial losses. I am penniless, but have a lovely little girl, just three. She is admired by everyone.

"It is an awful struggle to keep her and myself without resources, and I have never been used to work. I have advertised time after time for a house-keeping position where I can take my baby with me. I have had no luck, and am living from hand to mouth.

"Last night I had the shock of my life and am only just recovering. I had advertised in the paper, and got a reply to call and see a gentleman by appointment. I liked the look of him, and he spoke to me so kindly. He said he would write his decision to me within a week.

"His car drove up last night at the house where baby and I live in one room. I asked him in—the first time I have ever had a gentleman visitor. I made him coffee, and we chatted over the proposed position while my dear baby was sleeping.

"Then he made an awful suggestion—stipulating a terrible condition if he gave me work. Although nearly starving, I could have killed him for daring to insult me with my innocent sleeping baby in its cot. I ordered him from the house.

"Now the landlady, thinking I am a bad woman, has told me to go. I owe her money, and she has been allowing me to live for three weeks on credit. This wretched man has scared me to death, but I am afraid that he will play the same dastardly trick on some other woman in distress. How can I stop him?"

"Humanist" says: *You have solved the real problem by your courageous behaviour. In facing hard times you have a great ally, the knowledge that you have the power to resist temptation. I hope your husband may be soon restored to health and able to stand by the wife who has proved herself a brave woman. As to the rich blackguard, report his conduct to the police, and send me his name and address.*

Wife under Suspicion

"I AM an unqualified male teacher in an elementary school, earning but £2 10s. per week. I suffer acutely from heart trouble, and feel that it won't be long before my hard struggle to stay at school and keep a hold on life must end. My doctor, in fact, gives me no hope for better things in the future.

"During the war when holding a commission in the army, and when my pay was good, I married. We have now two young children, and the struggle to make ends meet, after the recent cut in wages, is indeed hard. The upkeep of position, medical treatment and a high house rent make heavy demands on the family purse.

"Yet this is not all. Before our marriage my wife was always accustomed to an easy life, plenty of pin money and fine clothes. She now seems to have got disheartened and desperate with the rebuffs of fortune, and is plunging us into debt by her extravagance in dress and habits. She attends cinemas and theatres frequently with a girl friend.

"Moreover, she seems to be getting money from sources of a questionable nature, and turns a deaf ear to my inquiries.

"I must admit she clothes and feeds our children well. What must I do, dear Humanist? My poor state of health makes it impossible, yea, useless, to undertake the hard study necessary to proceed to the higher qualifications which bring better pay to the teacher."

"Humanist" says: *Have a heart-to-heart talk with your wife. Ask her in the name of your love for her, and of her love for the children, to give you a square deal. Perhaps your illness makes you unduly morbid and suspicious, which in turn reacts against your health. A good mother and a bad wife rarely go together.*

The Way of Life

"MY eldest boy was killed in the war. My husband and I were heartbroken, but we redoubled our affection for our second boy and only remaining child.

"He went to sea. His father and I toiled on at home, striving to add to the little competence we had built up so that some day it should all be his. That has been our only pleasure throughout the years.

"My son became engaged to a very nice girl. We looked forward to his settling down and marrying in a good position here. Now he has come home, broken off his engagement, and announces that he is going to Australia for good, to settle down there. He says he will be away for five years.

"He is a good boy, but liable to changes of mind. How can I stop him from leaving us, and going so far away, in our old age? His father and I have offered to go with him: he will not hear of that, as he wants to make his own way in the world alone and unaided."

"Humanist" says: *It is the tragedy of parenthood. If children were always willing to stay in the family circle at home there would be no British Empire. Each generation must make its own happiness either in the question of love or of a career. Try to look at this matter from your son's point of view and do not let him add unhappy memories to the sorrow of parting.*

Pity or Love

"A FRIEND of mine has fallen in love with a very nice girl. Unfortunately, this girl is both deaf and dumb, not an inherited disability, but the result of an illness contracted when she was a child.

"She has admitted her love for him, and he has not the heart to refuse her because he, too, has come to love her very dearly. They get on together perfectly, but he cannot take her amongst his friends for fear of being misunderstood.

"His friends, and particularly his father, are very doubtful about his future happiness. What would you advise, and have you any record of any such marriage, either way, turning out happily? I should add that she has private means."

"Humanist" says: *If I advise him not to marry on the grounds of ordinary prudence, I should inflict a terrible blow on a poor girl very badly afflicted. Such marriages have taken place, and have been as happy as many marriages more normal in character. The real test is the quality of the man's love. If it is great enough to overcome so serious a handicap, good luck to him, and to her. But when he says he hasn't the heart to refuse, he does not talk in the true accent of a great lover. Let him therefore search his heart, remembering that Pity is akin to Love, but not Love itself.*

"HUMANIST" REPLIES

to those "Documents" not dealt with on the opposite page. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others.

Modest Philanthropy.

"Should I go on with a remedy for a common ailment I have discovered in my studies of chemistry? I should hate to be taken for a 'quack,' making money by exploiting the sick, and I think I have found a really good thing."

If you are satisfied it is a good thing, do not be afraid to do good because it may make you rich. And you will do more good by not allowing yourself to get too rich.

Wrong Number?

"The other day a telephone message came to me, I suspect in error, and invited me to do a deal out of which I can make money. I think I know the man, a namesake of mine, for whom the message was intended. Am I entitled to go on with the deal?"

Many people would, on the ground that all is fair in love and war and business. My advice is to find out who the message was actually intended for. If not for you—hand it on. It is better to be a gentleman than merely a profiteer.

The Disliked Husband.

"My sister's husband, whom I detest, is out of work. She, her husband, and four children, have come to me for food and shelter. They have nowhere else to go. If the landlord hears of it I shall get into trouble. I have to go daily to work."

The law of kindness is a more important thing than a landlord's approbation. Help your sister all you can. If one cannot look for aid in time of trouble to one's relatives, where can one look? Kindness is a thing for which one need never blush.

Love and Money.

"My father was a retired general and left me a legacy of £100 a year. My fiance wants me to sell this and lend him the proceeds to start a dancing school. He has a girl dancing partner who can find the rest of the money. I do not like her."

The money is yours, not his. The fiance who wants to establish himself in business on the money left by a father to provide for his daughter does not call for special admiration or warm approval.

Charity and Charm.

"An attractive woman, with whom I have become friendly, calls frequently at my office collecting for a charity. I have been told she is a fraud, but do not like to question her."

A doubt of this kind, once raised, should be resolved. Tell her courteously that her position has been assailed. If she is a lady, and genuine, she will at once put her cards on the table. If she does not, forget the charm and forego the friendship.

Pride and Prejudice.

"My wife's brother did me a bad turn when we were lads. I went abroad and made good. On my return I found that he was in the workhouse of our home town. My wife is dead. Am I justified in leaving him there, as he would do to me were the circumstances reversed?"

No. Forgiveness to the infured doth belong. Is it not better to pay a tribute to your dead wife's memory than to nurse a mean and age-long grudge?

Secretarial Self-respect.

"I have become secretary to a rich financier, and find he is getting money from the public in fees to float companies, but does not float them. He is sailing very close to the wind, and I am very unhappy."

If you are satisfied that he is a moral, though not quite a legal, fraud, leave him. You cannot build a career on a foundation of deceit.

A Falling Star.

"I am a well-known actress. A girl colleague of mine, stranded by a bogus manager, has taken the wrong path. I have pleaded with her to return to the way of honour, and have even offered to take her into my flat. Am I wise?"

Yes: generosity is the truest wisdom. If you save this erring girl you will have deserved well of humanity, and also of your profession in which she was first exposed to peril.

Should a Daughter Tell?

"My father, who is a traveller, is away from home; and mother, I am sorry to say, has taken to secret drinking. She threatens to leave us if I write and tell father. What can I do?"

This is your father's problem. You have a duty to him as well as to your mother. You will discharge it to both by telling your father. It is his right to know, and it is his opportunity to help.

A Mis-deal.

"I have paid £100 for an option on a public-house, expecting to sell it at a profit. My prospective purchaser has died suddenly. Can I get my money back?"

You cannot claim it back, but you might succeed in getting some of it back as a matter of grace. You were really gambling on a probability, and have lost. But you cannot plead the Gaming Act in a business transaction.

The Right to Succeed.

"Employed a short time with a big firm, through the kindness of a friend, I have got on well. The firm now prefers me to my friend. He is going, but does not know it, and I am to take over his job. Should I stay?"

You have done nothing to be ashamed of. In the competition of business the best man must win. Your friend's misfortune is not your fault. Would it be right of you to do bad work to save your friend?

The Backbiter.

"My husband went to South Africa in 1920 on a three years' agreement. When the time for his return to England came, he wrote that he had been given an extension. His letters still express his old love, but I hear anonymously that he is living with another woman, and does not intend to come back to me or the children."

Pay no attention to anonymous letters. The waste paper basket is the place for them. But you are entitled to write to your husband and ask him when you may look forward to seeing him again.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"SMART NOVELS":—"At length he stopped, endeavouring to pierce the surrounding murkiness with his EYE-LIDS."

"THE LURE":—"That night he sat, FEET UP ON THE MANTELPIECE, pipe in mouth. And the collie LAY ON THE HEARTHRUG, with his long nose resting ON HIS MASTER'S FOOT."

"WEEKLY WELCOME":—"ONE DAY Betty did not see him for A WEEK."

"NELSON LEE LIBRARY":—"Cunning Carl fell back to die a terrible death in the ICY water, which was BOILING HOT from the effects of the fire."

"BRADFORD DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"Present-day dancing serves a useful purpose if only that it keeps the younger members of the community from LESS harmful forms of amusement."

"HANTS & SUSSEX NEWS":—"Black Ribbed Hose, all wool .. .. 1/0½d. per YARD."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"It was a hard blow to Blake. His FEATURES TWITCHED with emotion. But with OUTWARD CALMNESS he listened to the landlord."

"SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED":—"It is interesting to note in connection with the story of the 'Arena' that THERE IS, and NEVER HAS BEEN, a Theatre des Folies-Caprice in the French capital."

"BELFAST NEWS-LETTER":—"The military council has been empowered to recruit all men born from 1897 to 1923, and YOUNGER men may be required to serve, if necessary."

"EXETER EXPRESS & ECHO":—"It was found that DECEASED had had a seizure. His CONDITION IS SERIOUS."

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Fillip for Philip

by HARRISON OWEN

SIR PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME, President of the Board of Trade, pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of neglect of duty as a public servant.

All the women jurors called were challenged by the accused.

"The specific instance of neglect alleged against the prisoner," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is his failure to take action in connection with the report of Lord Linlithgow's committee on milk prices. This report, which we published in April last, made extremely unpleasant reading for milk consumers, and contained some very plain talk regarding the profits made by distributors. The accused, however, chose to ignore the fact that the Board of Trade has a very definite duty of investigation in matters of this kind, for the report was hastily pigeon-holed and nothing has been done.

"The effect of this neglect," continued Mr. Watchdog, "may now be seen. Last winter, consumers had to pay the exorbitant price of 8d. a quart for milk. In July last, the accused said that the best reply the dairymen could make to charges of profiteering was to reduce the price of milk this winter. They now generously offer to reduce the price by one penny, providing they can buy the milk from the farmer for 4d. instead of 5d. a quart.

"This is certainly a piece of brazen impudence, for it was definitely stated in the Linlithgow report that the farmers were being paid too little, and the distributors were charging too much. The assumption of the distributors is the agricowturists can afford to buy and feed cattle, and pay the wages of dairymaids to milk cows, with or without crumpled horns, and then sell their milk for 4d. a quart; yet for merely depositing the milk upon the area steps these middlemen demand another 3d. a quart.

"Farmers' associations are now urging their members to divert milk to other purposes, rather than accept the proposed reduction, so there would seem to be every prospect of a milk famine. The accused is aware of these facts, but apparently he is too tired to do anything. The attitude of his department is such that it is becoming known as the 'Bored' of Trade."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER for the defence said that his client could not attend to everything at once. His department had been busy imposing duties upon magic-lantern slides and glass-eyes for dolls, and it could not shelve this important work. His learned friend had talked about pennies as if they were pounds, but it was unreasonable to expect a gentleman like Sir Philip, in receipt of a salary of £5,000 a year, to bring his mind to bear on such insignificant matters.

Before the murmurs of indignation from housewives in the public gallery had died away, the foreman had announced the jury's verdict of "Guilty."

"THE latest proposal of the milk distributors, as outlined by counsel for the public," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "reveals a brazen effrontery of which even their most severe critics might have hesitated to suspect them. It is all very well for the National Milk Publicity Council, which, I understand, is not a wholly disinterested organisation, to urge us to drink more milk, but if the present profiteering by middlemen or muddlemen continues, it would be as reasonable to suggest that the working classes should provide their children with a champagne diet. Whether the money moon shines on the cow-shed or not, the milkman—I had almost said the 'bilk'-man—is invariably found waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door with a can of diluted cow-juice in one hand, and a bill revealing plain, undiluted profiteering in the other.

"In permitting this state of affairs, the prisoner has been guilty of gross neglect, and with thousands of housewives the milk of human kindness has changed to vinegar and gall. In the circumstances, I feel it to be my duty to impose an indeterminate sentence by directing that prisoner shall be kept in custody till the cows come home."

THERE are two interesting races this week, the Prince Edward Handicap on Saturday, and the Palatine Nursery on Friday. This nursery handicap, one of the most valuable of the year, presents to me a certain amount of puzzlement, by reason of the penalty which was knowingly incurred by Glitter Gold, which is now handicapped within 2 lb. of Purple Shade. As I saw Purple Shade's last race at Sandown, it seemed to me that there was no stage of the contest from start to finish where Bancroft's horse had not won, and it is going to be a pretty useful animal to take his number down.

* * *

What of Hades?

Where are we to find that super horse? I will name a few, and first and foremost must come Halcyon, which was confidently expected to beat Knight of the Garter at a stone, and did so in handsome style. With 8 st. 2 lb. this horse must have a tremendous chance. Another, handicapped 12 lb. behind Purple Shade, is Hades, which has not been out since he ran fourth to Straitlace and Parmenio at Newmarket in July. That he was not fancied, his price, 20/1, attests, but I am satisfied that this horse is a cut above the ordinary, and in yielding going he must be marked a danger to the best. It was at Manchester that he only failed by a length to give 18 lb. to Tippler, and previous to that he had beaten Equator pointless on a fast track like Kempton.

* * *

Halcyon.

Another horse that comes into the reckoning is Royal Heron, which at Hurst Park very easily beat Clio f., giving her weight for age. This horse had made extraordinary improvement since I saw him run before, and if it is true, as is stated, that he is not far behind Golden Bud, he must have a chance. I think it will be found that the Palatine Nursery will produce as good a field as we shall see this year, and whilst I have the highest respect for Hades, I shall endeavour to anticipate the judge's verdict by giving HALCYON (NAP).

* * *

On Saturday the Prince Edward Handicap looks like drying up. Whether or not Juniso has been kept for this, I am not at the moment in a position to say. I am satisfied in my own mind that

STAVROPOL

will take a lot of stopping. Trossach Girl has been amiss, Eaglehawk will not get the course, and Mizzen Mast in my judgment is fairly moderate. The dangers to Stavropol are Juniso and Celtic Mist.

* * *

Parth and the Leger.

Papyrus certainly put up a fine performance when succumbing by a short head to Craig Eleyr, the latter in receipt of 20 lb. The question is whether this form over a mile and a quarter gives Papyrus an outstanding chance in the Leger over a mile and six furlongs. Craig Eleyr's previous outing (I am not referring to the race where amateur jockeys rode) was at York, where he proved himself about 5 lb. inferior to Karl. Karl subsequently ran unplaced behind Miss Marget, and his best performance may have been that when he gave Becka 17 lb. and a head beating. I confess the result of the York race makes me regard Papyrus with a new respect, but does not alter my opinion that Parth will win.

* * *

Flint Jack and Tregenwell.

Harking back to the Ebor Handicap, how fortunate it was for the owner and trainer of Flint Jack that this good horse did not win the apprentice race at Kempton. It will be remembered that Tregenwell gave him 2 lb., Dark Fox 7 lb. and a two-length beating. Flint Jack started at 11-8 on. Had he won, he would have incurred a 4 lb. penalty for the Ebor Handicap. As I say, how extremely fortunate it was for all concerned that he did not win! May I suggest to the Stewards and the Jockey Club that apprentice races might very well be abolished?

* * *

I do not know exactly what apprentice races are supposed to prove. The general idea is that it is to give apprentices opportunities of learning to ride. But the main object and intention of racing are to demonstrate the superiorities, not of riders, but of horses. The apprentice allowance gives every encouragement to trainers who wish to bring along budding riders. Had Flint Jack run in any ordinary race with a "chalk" jockey up, he would not have started at 11/8 on, as he did at Kempton, when he finished well behind a horse that would be handicapped to receive 2 stone from him were jockeys riding. It is not to our interest—I am speaking for the racing public—that stable boys should be taught the art of jockeyship at our expense.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

St. Leger.

Our candidates are all doing well and will strip in the pink of condition. No fault can now be found with the going, and trainers have been able to send their charges along at a much faster pace.

Papyrus strides out in capital style, and I expect to see him fighting out the finish. He is as well now as on Derby day. Doric is thriving on his preparation, and is a much better animal now than at Epsom, when, after a weak sort of preparation, he finished close up fourth. He represents a really good each-way investment, if perhaps not quite good enough to win outright.

Eastern Monarch is the better of Jarvis' pair, and should be placed. He is a really good stayer, and if an outsider is to win, he is the horse to do it. Waygood is expected by his connections to take a lot of beating. On the whole, I think Papyrus and Doric will be battling out the finish, with Eastern Monarch as the most likely outsider.

Chatsworth Selling Plate.

I think Grecian Gift will win this race. He showed to advantage recently when galloped with Fastolite and Ding How over the mile and a quarter. The Kiwi has also been going well and has a good chance, but my confident vote is given to Grecian Gift, who was never better than at present.

Portland Maiden 3-Y.-O. Plate.

Of ours engaged I like Derry Mount the best. She has been going well in recent gallops and will be suited by the easy track. The same remarks apply to Tranquillity, which might easily win this. If Romagna ever has a chance of scoring, I think it is here. Knowing Derry Mount to be quick from the gate and to have been tried fairly useful, I fancy she will go very close.

Devonshire Nursery.

Miss Grits f. will take a great deal of beating for this. She was tried very useful in the spring, but a mishap keeps her from doing any fast work. She is striding out well now, and has been galloped with Dalkeith f. and others. The best has not yet been seen of Grandeur, who is nicely handicapped here; this filly can be marked down as the sure winner of a nursery before long. R. Day's selected, which will probably be Crusader's Pet, will be well backed. Molly is a certain winner of a nursery, whatever happens here, and a note should also be made of Mixed Double for a similar event. On this occasion I think the best to stand is Miss Grits f.

Peveril of the Peak Plate.

I like Re-echo's chance here. He has been gradually coming to his best form, has been going in good fashion since the rain fell, and will be well suited by the course. A danger to the best is Weathervane, which has a great chance. His last two outings are too bad to be true, and he should take a lot of beating if he produces his Hunt Cup form. Of the bottom weights I have most liking for Daughter-in-Law, who has been showing to advantage in good gallops with Widow Bird and others. However, I think Re-echo will be our best, and whatever beats him will win.

Sports and by ROWLEY

Palatine Nursery.

R. Day's best two-year-old is Rossmore, and whatever beats her here will win. Glitter Gold is a very useful colt, but I doubt his ability to give a stone to this filly. Halcyon will run well, as also will Carmel, if sent. In any case, whatever happens here, Rossmore should be followed.

Prince Edward Handicap.

Stavropol has been going extremely well in his preparation for this race, and, despite his weight, will want a lot of beating. Bessema, if reserved for this, will also be much fancied, and with Bullock up will go very close. London Cry should have something to do with the finish. I like Bessema best of ours, and take London Cry as my second string.

On no account miss Esther Fas f. when seen out for a nursery. She is very useful and at the bottom of the handicap.

Holy Friar had the best of a good gallop, in which Sicyon, Pondoland and Jason took part. He is nicely down the handicap and is already a tip for the Cambridgeshire.

One of R. Marsh's most promising youngsters is Resinato. When put alongside L'Aigion and Langwell in a good rough gallop he went extremely well, and he should be made a note of.

Likely Nursery Winners.

L.S.D. is going well just now and is sure to win shortly. Although Carmel did not run up to expectations at Goodwood, he is going so well at home that he can hardly fail to win before the end of the season. Maple Copse f. was well galloped in the spring, and in soft going will be placed to win a minor event.

Grand Polly is very useful. A recent gallop with Grand Knight showed her to be at her best, and she should win soon.

The connections of Plucky Jenny are rather sanguine about her winning one of the several engagements which she holds close at hand. It is with confidence that I advise her to be followed.

ROWLEY MILESTONES.

Have you noticed how partial Frank Hartigan is to winning at Hurst Park? This is probably because his uncle, the late "Garry" Moore, was associated with the management of the meeting in its early days.

* * *

Royal Heron put up such a smart performance when winning the Robin Hood Stakes at Hurst Park that it is doubtful if 6 penalty will stop him in the Palatine Nursery at Manchester.

* * *

Signs are not wanting that the Irishman, Celtic Mist, will become a fancied candidate for the Prince Edward Handicap.

* * *

Lang Ward's apprentice, J. Collins, who has the makings of a jockey, should not be condemned because of the failure of Tregenwell at Hurst Park. There was something radically wrong with the horse on that occasion.

* * *

Collins, who can go to scale at five stone, weighed out with a 21-lb. saddle. This probably supplies a record so far as flat racing is concerned.

* * *

Mr. William Green seems to have broken fresh ground in his search for a racing livery. We shall be curious to see his colours, which are described as "Red, white roses."

The Ball Game.

Our football correspondent writes:—Next week-end home winners in Div. I. will, I think, be Newcastle United, who have a fine forward line, Burnley, Everton, the Spurs, West Bromwich and West Ham. Huddersfield Town are just about the hottest attackers in the North, and although Notts County have a big reputation as spoilers, I am going to take the Yorkshiremen to beat them at Meadow Lane. Liverpool may not be quite so sprightly as last season, but they are a better team than Preston North End and are capable of winning even at Deepdale. The Villa are sure to make many opponents sit up and take notice and Chelsea on current form will probably find them too good for them at Stamford Bridge. Evenly matched teams are Birmingham and Sunderland and Manchester City and Bolton, draws are indicated in these two matches.

Division II. Winners.

In Div. II. Bury and Manchester United have got off the mark well and it should be a fine scrap between the two at Gigg Lane, with the outlook favouring a division of the points. Home teams which look to have a big chance of victory are Derby County, Hull City, Leicester, Oldham, The Wednesday, Stockport and Stoke, and the pick of the away teams with excellent prospects of success are Bristol City and Barnsley.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

DERBY (WEDNESDAY).

2.0	La Bergeronnette (Glenbelleon, White Cat).
2.30	Karella (Mitchells, The Bailiff).
3.0	Seatolina (Clio filly, Mixed Double).
3.30	Papyrus (Light Jester, Shrove).
4.0	Blue Set (Tranquillity, Brown Pom).
4.30	Nasty Catch (Heverswood, Tella).

DERBY (THURSDAY).

2.0	Ecstasy (Thorndale, Lady of Hereford f.)
2.30	Gotswell (Nun's Veil).
3.0	Berberis (Joan Beaufort c., Crusado).
3.35	Rock Fire (Re-echo, Poisoned Arrow).
4.5	Spinney Hill (Impetuous, Black Orator).
4.30	Margede (Torpilio, Ironbridge).

MANCHESTER (FRIDAY).

2.0	Polysarey (Jansan, Coventry).
2.35	Geek Laird (Periwinkle filly).
3.10	Straitlace (Beresford, Equator).
3.45	Halcyon (Hales, Royal Heron).
4.20	Wild Mist (Vespers, Hunting Song).
4.50	Hard Battle (Minsk, Black Prince).

MANCHESTER (SATURDAY).

1.45	Clever Girl (Thistle Glass, Canon Boy).
2.20	Desperation (Spicey).
2.55	Royal Hussar (Sargon, A.B.C.).
3.30	PRINCE EDWARD HANDICAP: Stavropol (Celtic Mist, Juniso).
4.0	Ojira (Oakwood, Glow colt).
4.35	Black Prince (Aloyer, Trunti).

Sportsmen MILE

With the Scots.

The Rangers look like rattling most opponents once more in the Scottish League and are capable of beating Morton at Greenock. The Celtic will find Queen's Park dour opponents, but should beat them, and Falkirk and Raith Rovers look good for away victories. Clyde, Dundee, Partick Thistle and St. Mirren should be amongst the home winners. My full selections and naps will be found in these columns.

What Preston Lack.

Preston North End will do better when their backs steady down a bit. So far the half-backs have had to assist too much in the defence, and it is not right that such a constructive player as McCall should be wasted in retrieving other people's errors. When their defence is solid North End will be a good team.

Too Haphazard.

Even when the Arsenal decide on their best line of forwards, there will have to be less haphazard stuff in their football. It's no use continually playing up to Turnbull, since after his goal-scoring feats of last season he is getting more and more watched every time he plays. Incidentally the Highbury team need not be condemned for their early lapses. They never were a dry-weather team, but are top-weights when the mud is about.

For Top-scorers.

Cardiff will go on doing well if their present team is stuck to. This is nearly the eleven that took the Welsh club into fame, but all got dropped in turn when the inevitable slump came along. I like the virile Cardiff forward line, and you can do worse than put them in your lists as top-scorers for the day when they are not up against the best of defences.

'Spurs Good as Ever.

The 'Spurs are where they left off last season—as attractive and clever as ever. I do not anticipate any changes in their attack for some weeks, even if it does not always come off. Lindsay will improve even more as a centre-forward if he only knows he is not going to be dropped every other fortnight. I should like to take fair odds the North Londoners win either the League championship or the Cup this season.

Slow Starters.

It is always safe to ignore the early form of Aston Villa. They are invariably bad starters and it takes them a few weeks to find their touch. When Dr. Milne fits in the attack, if he does, the Villa goal average will go up with a bound, and I hear of the three or four usual discoveries made in the close season who will be getting their chance sooner or later.

A Real Chance Wanted.

Chelsea will be a little more confident in themselves when Jack Harrow is permanently back in the side, but there is nothing the matter with the defence at Stamford Bridge. But the attack has got to get a little method in it. My advice to the Chelsea directors is to decide on five forwards and play them for five or six weeks. Early changes are no remedy. Incidentally the Chelsea crowd could hand out a little more genuine encouragement.

Missed Already.

Southampton are already missing Elkes, and I put a poor start down to the absence of this penetrating forward. It was no good stroke of business to let Elkes go to Tottenham, since anyone could see he was the real force in the Saints' attack last season. His real successor will not be found in a hurry.

Watch "Brum."

A team without any set plan of campaign must expect trouble. Birmingham until the back end of last season were a team of units, but someone struck the happy idea of asking Billy Beer, the old half-back, to act as honorary coach. The players welcomed the idea and now Beer is team manager and has made good. In fact, Birmingham now play to a clever plan, and as they undoubtedly have the talent, they should be well worth following. I am looking to Joe Bradford for a lot of goals this season, and it would be a welcome change for Birmingham to get more than their share.

Preston's Inside-left.

A lot of good Manchester-born footballers have not been appreciated in their native city. One of them is George Sapsford. Good judges of the game said he was the only inside-forward of any real value at Old Trafford, but he was never happy there, and Preston North End were early in the market when a transfer was mooted. But for a broken leg, Sapsford would have been a power in the Preston attack last season. He has since made a wonderful recovery, and the North End directors think so much of him that such a fine forward as Woodhouse has been shifted to the other wing to make room for him as inside left, where I believe he will do things.

For a heavy man, Sapsford has a great turn of speed. He does not lag behind his partner Alf Quantrill, one of the speed-merchants of the game.

Sapsford has a future at Preston. With Tom Roberts on one side of him and Quantrill on the other, here is part of an attack that is going to give trouble this season to any defence.

FORECASTS FOR SEPT. 15th.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. I.

Home Winners.

*Aston Villa, Bolton, Cardiff City, *Huddersfield, *Liverpool, Sheffield United, Sunderland

Away Winners.

*Burnley, Everton.

Draws.

Arsenal v. West Bromwich, *Middlesbrough v. 'Spurs.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. II.

Home Winners.

*Barnsley, Blackpool, *Bristol City, Fulham, Leeds, Manchester United, *Southampton.

Away Winners.

*Oldham, *Hull City.

Draws.

*Clapton Orient v. Derby County, Port Vale v. Stockport.

THIRD LEAGUE—NORTHERN.

Home Winners.

*Barrow, *Hartlepools, New Brighton, Southport, *Walsall, *Wolves, Wrexham.

Away Winners.

Wigan, *Chesterfield.

Draws.

*Grimsby v. Halifax, Rochdale v. Bradford.

THIRD LEAGUE—SOUTHERN.

Home Winners.

*Brighton, *Luton, *Millwall, *Plymouth, Q. P. Rangers, Southend.

Away Winners.

*Exeter, Watford, *Portsmouth.

Draws.

Merthyr v. Charlton, *Northampton v. Swansea.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Home Winners.

*Aberdeen, Falkirk, Hearts, *Airdrieonians, Motherwell, St. Mirren.

Away Winner.

*Raith Rovers.

Draws.

*Kilmarnock v. Hamilton.

(Special selections for coupon purposes are marked with an asterisk.)

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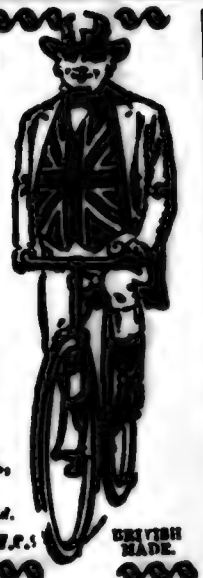

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INJUDICIOUS EATING.

A Common Failing.

Many people have themselves to blame for the fact that they are victims of indigestion, for the trouble is usually brought on either through over-eating, an unsuitable diet, or faulty mastication.

Very few people give proper attention to diet. Hence so many sufferers from indigestion. Flatulence, the sickening water-brash, and stabbing pains in the chest are among the symptoms that dyspeptics know so well.

To eliminate indigestion we must get at the cause. Like all other organs of the body, the stomach calls upon the blood for nourishment, and if the blood is poor, it calls in vain. Indigestion soon results. Build up the system, maintain a supply of pure rich blood, and you get to the root of the trouble.

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Begin Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Of chemists, or send 3s. 0d. to address below, for a box post free.

FREE.—All sufferers from indigestion should write to F. D. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1, for a free copy of diet guide, "What to Eat."

Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Children Not Wanted.

Does J. A. B., of Manchester, fully realise why "young married people deliberately avoid the duty and call of parentage" under present-day conditions? Few young married couples have homes of their own, but are forced to live in lodgings, and when a baby is expected they find, in the majority of cases, that they are not wanted, especially if there are any grown-up children. Let the Government give us houses, let us find work with wages so that we can afford the luxury of children, then the declining birth rate will no longer be.—*Longsight, Manchester.*

Dancing Spiders Menace.

Many respectable young girls having been victimised by handsome young dancing spiders who infest popular dance halls at seaside resorts, others should take warning. The business of the scoundrels is to lure a girl into a flirtation which may, at the moment, seem to her to be no more than a part of her holiday adventure. Blackmail is the most common motive of the rascals, but in some cases attempts were made to compel terrorised girls to become acquainted with houses of ill-fame.—*C. A., Manchester.*

Proposed Railway Increases.

The latest good (?) news we hear is that the railway companies are seeking permission from the Railway Rates Tribunal to increase the rates for season tickets holders. Justice demands that the burden of any addition should fall on the shoulders of the passengers holding firsts. Artizans, poorly paid clerks, and people of similar ilk ask from their railway company only one return journey to the city per day. Their short luncheon hour and poor means make trips homeward at noon and in the evening impossible. How different is the case of the wealthy business men. Their day is often made up of a short morning sojourn in the office, a railway run home at noon, another look-in at business in the afternoon, and a return home to prepare for an eveing at the club or the theatre.—*G. A., Darwen, Lancs.*

Compensated by Children.

I don't agree with "Heart-broken" under the heading, "Do babies bring Happiness?" I say they do. I was perfectly happy in my early married life. Then baby came, then two, and three, and now number four is expected. All within 5 years, but I wouldn't be without one of them, although in the eyes of my husband I am nobody now. The three babies come before me in every way, and I never get so much as a kind word from my husband. But my babies quite compensate me for the neglect. If I had the choice of a happy life with my husband and no children, or an unhappy one with my family of little ones, I would gladly choose the latter, as it is perfect happiness after the day's work is done to feel their little arms around mother's neck, and have them nestle up to mother's heart. —*W. A., Coleford, Glos.*

Horrors of Snaring Animals.

I agree with G. H. L. re the trapping of rabbits; it is a cruel practice, but it is surpassed in cruelty by snaring which is not confine to poachers. I have found the skeletons of both rabbits and hares; the hind legs of which have been attached to the wire of a snare. It does not need a vivid imagination to picture the agony of a rabbit or hare caught in this manner; the frantic struggles to get free which gradually become fainter and finally ending in slow starvation. Surely this abominable practice ought to be stopped.—*D. J. B. Wathwaite.*

Unemployment.

Our biggest cheque for sugar goes to America, yet there and in the Philippines and anywhere where the Yankees control, no machinery of British manufacture is allowed to be used. "Give us a preference," said a deputation of sugar refiners to the Colonial Office, "and we will give you a standing order for refining machinery." Demerara is crying out for Birmingham and Sheffield goods, their shops are empty, while our skilled men mouch about or go off to France or America to show them how to do it. Will you please look this sugar machinery order up and oblige?—*A.N., Birmingham.*

Claims of the Vaccinists.

As President of the National Anti-Vaccination League, I wish to express my appreciation of the public service you are rendering by opening your columns to those who are opposed to vaccination. The fact that the pro-vaccinists cannot prove their case on scientific or any other grounds, accounts for the intemperance of their denunciation of those who merely put facts and figures before the public showing that what is claimed for vaccination as a protection against smallpox has not only been disproved, but that its harmfulness is becoming indisputably established.—*Agnes Grove (Lady Grove), Sedgehill Manor, Shaftesbury.*

Numbered Footballers.

Our club programmes reveal only the identity of players at the *commencement* of a match—hence, they are illusory guides. To remedy this, let one side adopt letters (A to K), and the other, figures (1 to 11), with an indicating label on each player's breast and back. Such an innovation would save the present tiresome method of finding a player's name by his position, and prevent the loss of valuable eyesight, now attributable to inordinate study of the programme. No personality could be missed; and the easier we distinguish the players the better we follow the game. In a mêlée the labels would considerably assist referee and spectators alike. Finally the adoption of this method of indentification would enable the crowd to note the doings of all the participants, and they would become less partisan—which would make for the highest interests of the sport. — *W. J. F., Handsworth, Staffordshire.*

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Send me your new model 5/6 "John Bull" Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

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State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

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Motorists and Hospitals.

It appears unjust that, while hospitals are continually needing, and, indeed, clamouring for more funds to enable them to carry on their beneficent work of repairing and healing humanity, the very source from which a goodly proportion of hospital cases arise, namely, motor-car owners who have had accidents, should not be made to contribute some of the revenue which hospitals stand so badly in need of? My idea of fairness is that, when motorists are fined for dangerous driving, payments should be made to help the hospitals, as these institutions have to render *their* valuable assistance to the victims of the motorists' recklessness. —*A. A., Glasgow.*

Should People Carry Revolvers?

In view of the alarming increase of deaths through revolvers, it seems time that the Government took drastic measures to deal with the evil. Every day we read of suicides or murders through the use of such weapons, and latterly it has become a matter of common occurrence for quarrels to be settled by firearms in lieu of fists. Now, why should revolvers be carried at all? The state of our society does not warrant the custom, and they serve no useful purpose. On the contrary, they are particularly provocative, and provide an easy and handy method of taking life. Prohibit their possession and—hundreds of tragedies may be averted.—*Miss L., Diss, Norfolk.*

What Is a Living Wage?

It costs public institutions an average of 14s. 6d. per week per head to feed their staff. If supper is included, another 3s. 6d. is required. Yet a working-class wife is expected to feed and clothe a family, pay rent, coal, light, insurance, and doctor's bills out of a wage averaging about £2 weekly. If she gets £2 10s. or £2 15s., she is told she is doing very well. If she fails to keep her family well clothed and nourished, she is at once condemned as thriftless, ignorant and shiftless. It would be interesting to watch those who condemn us so ruthlessly, running our households for twelve months under the same conditions as we do.—*E. L., Caxton, Cardiff.*

Advertising Swindlers.

Many newspapers and periodicals seem to cater very largely for advertisements of the "get rich quick" type. They are all moral swindles, and most of them legal—or illegal—ones, a fact which is patent to anyone with worldly knowledge. When, at all too rare intervals, the authors of some of these advertisments are laid by the heels, nothing is ever said about the papers that abet the swindlers by publishing their advertisments.

Much victimisation of poor, ignorant people would be prevented if the papers were made responsible for the bona fides of their advertisers to a reasonable extent.—*S. W. S., Thornton Heath.*

Aiding Cancer Research.

Birmingham's Medical Officer has gone to great trouble to make a chart showing particulars of child welfare. If every M.O. in the land made such a chart, showing particulars of cancer, I think it would help the Research Association. We hear of cancer houses; if so, why not fire them? We hear of cancer districts; is it due to the water in that area? A few more broad-minded business men on the Association would introduce pep, and allay gossip about how the money is spent.—*A. N., Aston, Birmingham.*

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of the
LAST
GOLDEN BALLOT

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Every Prize has a Cash alternative and every Prize guaranteed.

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(£5,000 is the First Prize for 5/- ticket holders only).

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8, MARBLE ARCH, W.1

to whom cheques and postal orders should be made payable. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

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Gent's sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 chest.
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CASH ONLY **12/6**

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14/- DOWN

A Postal Order for 14/- will bring carriage paid to any address within 1 mile of a railway station in the United Kingdom, the 6 ft. 4 in. size "Imperial" BILLIARD TABLE (Cash Price, £11 18s.) to fit on ordinary dining table. The balance you pay monthly. There are various sizes to fit all dining tables—see price list.

RILEY'S "CROMWELL" and "IMPERIAL" BILLIARD TABLES and DINING TABLES, from £12 12s., or in 12 or 24 monthly payments. Riley's are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Write for particulars. Estimates given free for all repairs and accessories.

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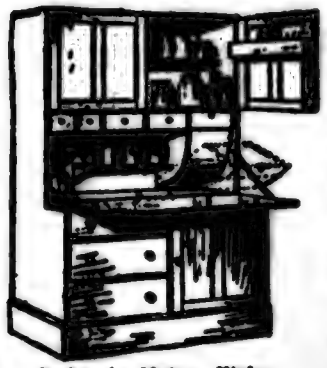

Design for Modern Kitchen Cabinet. (From page 768 "Practical Woodworker.")

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Written by upwards of fifty experts, each one having long experience, this work contains information and guidance that cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It is far and away the best work of the kind ever published, because it is the only one that shows every stage of the work in detail and explains how everything should be handled, much the same as if you had an expert at your elbow directing your every step.

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at home during the long evenings.

A Trellised Arbour, a Garden Arch, Chairs, Tables, Cupboards and Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Bedsteads, Beehives and Pittings, Tents, Beds, Bookcases, Boot and Shoe Racks, Cabinets, Chair Swings for the Garden, Chesterfield Settees, Chess Tables, Pigeon Cotes, Rabbit Hutches, Poultry Houses, Chest of Drawers, Dressing Table, Greenhouses, Clocks, Gramophone Cabinets, Furniture for the Hall, Incubators, Picture and Photograph Frames, Mounts, Mirror Frames, Office Cupboards, Occasional Tables, Rustic Arches, Garden Seats, Ferneries, Provision and Meat Safes, Vases, Ventilators, Wheelbarrows, Window-Frames, Domestic Woodware, Writing Bureau, Steps, Staircases, Flower-Stands, Steel and Book-Trough combined, Tea-Caddy, Garden Canopies, Toys, Umbrella Stands, Upholstered Seats, Walking-Sticks, Hat-Racks, Rustic Garden Furniture, Garden Frames, Tubs and Churns, Summer-Houses, Dressers and Sideboards, Coalboxes, Doors, Sheds and Outdoor Erections, Garden Buckets, etc., etc.

Design for Chair Steel for Boot Cleaning. (From page 992 "Practical Woodworker.")

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J.B.I., 1923.

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the Editor and Staff of *John Bull*. Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

H. T. (Watford).—"I have written a poem." Cheer up! You've confessed anyhow.

T. Y. (Stockton).—"I look upon the world as my oyster." Then we hope you'll find a pearl.

L. W. (Lewisham).—"The profiteer still disfigures the face of the earth." Time he was under it.

T. A. (Bradford).—"Why is Blackpool the most popular seaside resort?" Brighton papers please copy.

H. T. (Catford).—"There is no water shortage here." Agreed, judging by the colour of your ink.

B. J. (Clacton).—"There's any amount of apples and pears in the country." Yes, sir! and any number of peaches in the towns.

D. L. (Neath).—"Why cannot we have summer time all the year round?" Sounds as if you were a straw hat manufacturer.

E. C. B. (N. 16).—"I do not write as a regular reader of JOHN BULL." You write a good deal of common sense notwithstanding.

P. H. (Manchester).—"The railway fare from Manchester to London, for instance, is extortionate." But possibly it's worth it.

A. P. O. (Blackheath).—"My people, myself included, are obliged to wear a beard for health reasons." On the face of it you're right.

J. L. (Golders Green).—"The taxpayer is in danger of being saddled with more expense." Of course, he'll kick over the traces.

H.E.W. (Leyton).—"Have you heard the story of the Scotsman who lent a Jew a five-pound note?" No—and we never shall.

W. H. E. (Smeek).—"I think it of great importance that people should hear both sides of a question." JOHN BULL's policy is to encourage people to think for themselves.

J. B. B. (Kidderminster).—"It's money that counts and you can't get away from it." We don't want to get away from it. Our complaint is that it so easily gets away from us.

MOTHER OF TEN (Watford).—"There would not be half the trouble with children if parents would whip them in the good old-fashioned way." And, we assume, in the good old-fashioned place.

W. H. (Marble Arch).—"Employees who served during the War should write to their old regiments for men to fill vacancies." Certainly helpful but, alas! what would the few jobs going be among so many.

E. W. (Clerkenwell).—"What of the uncovered meat evil." It certainly wants airing.

T. B. R. (Swansea).—"It's in your head you want it." And that's precisely where we've got it.

T. H. (West Hartlepool).—"Quite a lot of my spare time is put in drawing." Dogs, corks or pictures?

T. R. B. (Liverpool).—"I could do nicely with another post." It would certainly be something to lean on.

V. W. (Bloomsbury).—"Most of the old jokes were, to my mind, very poor." Then perhaps that's why they're always with us.

P. N. C. (Brighton).—"I like people to be fair." So long as they're decent they can be any old colour so far as we're concerned.

N. W. (Liverpool).—"It is time the Government tackled the housing question in a serious manner." It was time some considerable time ago.

WAYFARER (Shotts).—"Don't you think that middle-class hotels cost too much?" Never having bought one we haven't the faintest idea.

A. F. (Maida Vale).—"Glad to see that you are going out after the 'dope' peddlers." We're doing our best to see that they are run in.

EACH WAY (Dalston).—"Why can't our leading jockeys pull together?" Personally, we think that *none* of our jockeys should pull at all.

B. P. (Mitcham).—"The criminal is the plaything of Fate, he can't help himself." Most of the criminals we've heard of are only too much given to helping themselves.

W. W. (Acton).—"Glad to note that at last drunken motorists are being given a term of imprisonment." The only way to make the roads fit for pedestrians to walk on.

W. (Petersfield).—"My wife says I haven't the brains to win a *Bullets* prize." And if you win the £250, she'll probably say she always knew you were a clever chap.

W. B. (Basingstoke).—"If only I was a member of the talking shop I would make the Government sit up." Unfortunately, however, all night sessions are not much in favour with M.P.s.

W. J. (Richmond).—"The worker will in the end discover for himself which side his bread is buttered on." And even then, the butter will very probably turn out to be margarine.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

A. K. (Bilston).—"Who is it among all the household that the baby is most fond of?" Mum's the word.

K. A. (Blackstock).—"Britain will justify itself in the long run." We'd prefer it to have a walk over.

T. R. K. (Leith).—"If you don't publish this letter in full I shall call on you." It's almost blackmail!

SEEING RED (Bury).—"Think of the Communist at large!" We very much prefer to think of him locked up.

R. K. T. (Chelsea).—"No dwelling-house should be built without a bath-room." Or, alternately, a coal shed?

M. T. (Garstang).—"My husband insists on a hot joint every day." Then you mustn't give him the cold shoulder.

T. E. S. (Leigh).—"Why should Southend be looked upon as a comic seaside town?" Why, it's as clear as mud.

S. A. R. (Radstock).—"All sorts of people read JOHN BULL." That's because common-sense isn't restricted to any one class.

M. F. (Camberwell).—"Newbold is right, there is no middle-class to-day." Most of them are certainly on their uppers.

BERTON (Hanwell).—"Bookmakers are a lot of twisters to my mind." Their effect on our pocket has been somewhat similar.

A. F. G. (York).—"I shouldn't mind undertaking your job." As it happens we have no need for an undertaker at the moment.

K. B. (Llandudno).—"The man who can tell a good story is always popular with his pals." But very often he's decidedly unpopular with his wife.

R. T. (Dunstable).—"America's absurd prohibition laws will eventually lead to a breach with this country." And there's so much water dividing them already!

S. E. (Hammersmith).—"There are thousands of furnished flats in London." Most of the *flats* we come across in London are unfurnished—in the top storey.

G. B. (Wolverhampton).—"Let no one who earns money in any country, bank it." Seems to us the Income Tax people are already putting your idea into practice.

FORSAKEN (Handsworth).—"I have marched further in England for a job than I marched in Flanders to find a Ger an." Cheer up, lad! You'll win out yet as you won out then.

T. F. R. (Salisbury).—"The society butterfly has nothing to think about but her clothes." And so long as the butterflies aren't moths we don't suppose the clothes worry.

J. S. (Bayswater).—"As a matter of fact, if you knew the actual amount of work got through by Civil servants you'd be surprised." Quite right, it takes very little to surprise us.

T. L. (Nairn).—"You are at liberty to publish this letter if you like." The generosity of you Northerners!

H. L. (——).—"I suppose you think you're funny." Well, not to the extent of issuing a challenge to Chaplin!

ADMIRER (Stratford-on-Avon).—"*John Bull* does more good every week." Yes, and to more people, too!

M. W. V. (Ilfracombe).—"Do you believe in dreams?" Only when we're asleep.

OPTIMIST (Leeds).—"I am sending you a copy of my ode to a Five-pound Note." Thanks, but we'd rather have had a copy of your inspiration.

POSITIVE (Reading).—"Is there any other word in the English language in which "su" is pronounced as in sugar?" Sure!

S. P. (Stockport).—"I put no faith in what's in the press." On the other hand we believe implicitly in our *other* pair of trousers.

D. G. (Paisley).—"Fools *will* talk." And as we read your letter it occurred to us that some of them are not averse to writing.

J. C. (Portsmouth).—"Honestly, do you think there's anything in my case?" Honestly, we think there's considerably more in our attaché.

A. De G. (Finchley).—"My terrier, a pedigree dog, couldn't possibly be better tempered." Certainly! Pedigree dogs are never cross breeds.

T. K. (Bury).—"Every town and village in the country should have its public swimming bath!" All right! Don't go off the deep end.

F. H. G. (Greenhead).—"6,000,000 bottles of champagne were swilled in Berlin last Christmas Eve." Clearly Berlin was on the Spree.

FOREWORN (Clacton-on-Sea).—"Character comes to us from our forefathers, it isn't developed." Sounds almost photographic to us.

ATHENS-OUT (Seacombe).—"This country is quite good enough for me." Good lad! And clearly you're quite good enough for this country.

R. S. (W.C.1).—"Since your disclosures, Australia House hasn't gone up in my estimation." And, of course, Australia itself is still down under.

OMAR (Wigan).—"I wish you could send someone to see me." Staff applications were being dealt with in rotation till we told them it was Wigan.

R. V. (Bury St. Edmunds).—"Surely it is the husband's business to make the money, and the wife's to spend it." But so often it happens that hubby does both.

A. G. (Leytonstone).—"When will the Government and large firms realise that a man is still worthy of his hire at 49?" They might call here and catch us hard at it at 93.

A. C. D. (Kilmarnock).—"Invariably you will find that the younger a man is, the saner is his point of view." Then we should imagine you're drawing your old age pension.

H. A. L. (Newcastle).—"I was in Long Acre on Tuesday, but did not come in to see you." So *that* accounts for the feeling that we had missed something that day.

STRONER (Liverpool).—"I was the brightest lad in our town as a schoolboy. I know I have extraordinary intelligence. What is keeping me out of employment?" Your fatal modesty.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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"EVERPOINTED" PENCIL
FREE!
To get this 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE with our 5s. 6d. "John Bull" Lever Self-filling Model Pen complete with clip, Solid Gold nib, iridium tipped and safety cap, turn to the coupon on page xo now.
...illar rations much reduced, lengthof pen 5 in. pencil 3½ in.

Triple-Proofed Gabardine French Coat popularly called the —

4 in 1 OFFICER'S COAT

—THIS IS THE ORIGINAL GARMENT AS FIRST INTRODUCED BY US, BUT NOW OFFERED AT A MUCH REDUCED PRICE.

CURZON'S were the first to introduce this Coat at a popular price. When costs of material were high two years ago, we were selling this Coat at 70/- when others were asking 90/- to 120/-.

For this Season, we have been fortunate in arranging for large supplies of the materials, enabling us to offer this famous Coat complete for **£2** Carriage paid by Parcel Post to your door.

It is important to remember that the quality of the garment is exactly the same as when the Coat was sold at the higher price.

It is equally important to remember that the price of the Curzon Coat includes the Detachable Wool Lining, for which some other firms ask 10/- to 20/- extra.

This is a coat for a lifetime, being absolutely stormproof and weatherproof, and affording complete protection against the most inclement weather. Its unique features are:—

1. It is lined with smart check plaid.
2. It is rubber interlined.
3. It has a detachable wool lining (for cold weather use) which can be fixed or removed in a minute.
4. All materials used in the production of this coat are guaranteed fast dyes and unshrinkable.

This lining can be removed without in any way affecting the smart appearance of the coat, and in this way can be worn in warm or mild weather. There are buttons and buttonholes on the wool lining which can be securely fastened on in a minute and thus makes the coat during cold weather equal to a winter overcoat as well as a Raincoat. The only coat on the market that answers the purpose of two or more coats. Post free on receipt of £2, under our guarantee to refund your money should the coat fail to give satisfaction. These coats can also be supplied in Navy Blue, guaranteed fast dye, at 45/- carriage paid.

When ordering give your height and chest measurement (taken over waistcoat).

Orders by post to be sent to

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36 & 37, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

THESE COATS CAN BE OBTAINED AT OUR HEAD DEPOT AS ABOVE AND BRANCHES AS FOLLOWS:—

WEST END: 107, Strand, W.C.; 188, Strand, W.C.; 431, Strand, W.C.; 112, New Oxford Street, W.C.; 28 & 29, Chancery Lane, W.C.; 59, Southampton Row, W.C.; 13, Old Compton Street, W. CITY: 70 & 72, City Road, E.C.; 54 Liverpool Street, E.C.; 169, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.; 16, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C.; 76, Aldersgate Street, E.C.; 115, Fleet Street, E.C.; 272, Bishopsgate, E.C.

ALSO AT:—
DEPTFORD, WOOLWICH, FOREST GATE, SHOREDITCH, EUSTON, POPLAR, FINCHLEY, KINGSTON, RICHMOND, TWICKENHAM, SUTTON, SOUTHEND, WESTCLIFF, WIMBLEDON and HOVE.

Don't forget that Curzon's give the best value for made-to-measure tailoring. Prices of suits £3 to 5 Guineas. Patterns, measure form and fashion book sent free on request, or a personal visit to any of our branches is requested.

Fill in this Coupon or order by letter mentioning JOHN BULL.

To CURZON BROS., LTD., 36 & 37, New Bridge Street, London, E.C. 4.

Please send me one of your coats as advertised, carriage paid for £2 (if Navy Blue, 45/-) under your guarantee to refund money if I am not fully satisfied.

My height is.....

My chest measure (taken over waistcoat) is .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

FOR INDIGESTION IN BOTH STOMACH & BOWEL TAKE CICFA

Because CICFA supplies the NATURAL DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.

THOUSANDS say "I never feel 'fit'"; thousands more say "I am always in pain. I have a feeling of fullness and pain at the pit of the Stomach; a burning pain between the Shoulder Blades; I have pain soon after eating, or pain two hours after eating; and with all these pains I have distress, misery, and weakness which is often worse than pain."

Yet all these pains and misery are due to the same cause as lack of fitness—that is, to INDIGESTION in Stomach and Bowel.

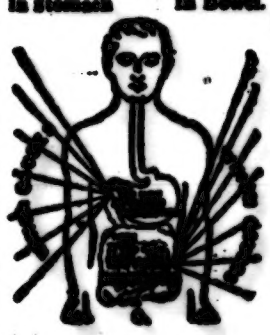
Those who are unfit, and those who suffer from pain and distress, must know that digestion occurs in the Stomach and also in the Bowel. Digestion begins in the mouth through the effect of the saliva upon the food, is continued on the Albuminous food in the Stomach by the Digestive Ferments, and completed in the Bowel by the action of further Digestive Ferments.

Without these Ferments Digestion could not occur.

When these Ferments are insufficient, the Digestive Process slackens in the Stomach, and Indigestion promptly begins and upsets all Digestion lower down the Bowel.

Purgatives do not aid Digestion, but only expel the Bowel contents, including the nourishment. CICFA both adds to and stimulates the natural Digestive Ferments, and so restores Digestion. Thus the Albuminous food is digested in the Stomach and the nourishment extracted and absorbed into the blood. The remaining food, which is chiefly Starchy, passes through the lower end of the Stomach into the Bowel, where its acidity is neutralised: its digestion continues as the Digestive Ferments act upon it, and its nourishment is absorbed into the blood as it moves slowly downwards. The Bile Circulation is corrected, fermentation gradually ceases, "starch balls," acrid acids and other impurities are no longer formed in the Bowel, and Flatulence decreases. The blood thus grows richer and purer, nourishing the tissues and nerve centres and producing a feeling of perfect fitness throughout the body.

GASES in STOMACH with eructations.	INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS In Stomach	In Bowel.	GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.			Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.			ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated white all over.			TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.			COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.			EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth
PAINS darting through Chest. Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.			PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.



Like all our testimonials, this was unsolicited:—

"Walpole Cross Keys, King's Lynn.

"Dear Sir,—I have for many years been troubled with Flatulence and acute Indigestion, so that I could scarcely digest any food. I tried many remedies, but until I took Cicfa I was unable to get any relief. After taking one bottle, I began to feel I was improving, and I am now enjoying good health, thanks to Cicfa.

"I thought it was only right that you should know this for the benefit of other sufferers.—Yours truly,

"(Mrs.) E. Pitcher."

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes Constipation. That is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion. Cicfa restores Digestion.

18,648 BRITISH DOCTORS *have already taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you can confidently begin taking it at once.*

Sold everywhere, prices 1/3 and 3/-

THE CICFA CO.,
8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W1.

JUNO

BRITISH MADE **BABY CARS**

NEW MODELS FROM £3:5:0 or 12 monthly payments of 6/-.
THE "JUNO" CASH £5:5:0 or 12 monthly payments of 10/- CARR. PAID

GUARANTEE Our 45 years' reputation

Write for Coloured Brochure No. 1.—— FREE on request.

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS Co., Ltd., 248, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

DO THIS NOW FOR THE COMING WINTER.

Chilly nights will soon be here and good housewives are already thinking about their stock of blankets. The offer of the Worsham Blanket Company to supply direct to the public genuine new, pure wool, fleecy Witney Blankets at a special discount of 2s. in the pound less than factory prices is therefore very opportune. These blankets are really wonderful value. Made in one of the best mills at Witney they are far better than any blankets sold in the shops. You can judge their quality for yourself without any risk or expense. Merely send a postcard addressed to the Worsham Blanket Co. (Dept. J.B.), Worsham Mill, Witney, Oxon, and you will receive post free six miniature sample blankets showing the various grades, together with a special list of bargains. You can then examine them in your home and discuss them with your friends. Is not that an ideal way of buying blankets? Of course there is no obligation to order.

Meltis Supreme Assorted CHOCOLATES (Regd.)

What to Take for CONSTIPATION

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and **Regulate Your Bowels.** Mild—as easy to take as sugar. *Genuine bear signature—* Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

BE-SOLVENT MAKES HOUSEWORK A PLEASURE CLEANS SCOURS SAVES HOURS

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

Agents wanted (either sex) to sell Private Xmas Cards. No carrying, big commission. Sample book free and post paid. No experience required. £1,000 given away in Prizes. For full particulars write to JOHN R. NEILAW & SONS, (Dept. 153), Ullswater Works, Accrington.

EARN £10 IN SPARE TIME

BIRTH CONTROL

"SANITY AND DISCRIMINATION IN THE CONTROL OF PARENTHOOD."

A book for Married People and Those About To Marry. Specially written for working-class parents in PLAIN SIMPLE LANGUAGE; it tells you all you want to know.

2s. 2d., post free, in plain sealed cover, from: Secretary, "C" Clinic, 11, Plashet Lane, London, E. 6.

Only sent to Married people and those about to marry. Declare which, when writing.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

SENSATIONAL PIPE OFFER!

Money returned if not satisfied.

1/3

E.V.D. pipes are sold direct to the smoker saving all middlemen's profits. They are made of genuine French Briar, imported direct by us, and the full benefit of the present favourable French Exchange is given to the customer—hence their absurdly low price of 1/3.

Five inches long, straight pattern, light or medium in weight, with best quality vulcanite mouthpiece. Cool smoking and absolutely indistinguishable from 4/- or 5/- pipes. Money willingly refunded if you are not satisfied. Price 1/3, post free 1/6. Three E.V.D. pipes post free 4/3, six post free 8/3. Send order and remittance to—

BRYARS (Dept. J.B.), 88, New Bond St., LONDON, W.1.

THE STRUGGLE TO LIVE

Desperate Plight of Forgotten Heroes

OFTEN we wish that the men who talk so glibly about tackling the unemployment problem, "Oh, sometime, soon!" could read a few of the letters of appeal that reach our desk.

Are they aware of the grim struggle with Starvation that is going on in many British homes to-day?

And these are the homes of victors, too! The homes of the men who kept this fair land of England free from the invader. The men who stood between us and hell in those terrible days of March 1918. Do you remember them? Do you remember the shiver with which the "backs to the wall" order was received?

Our chaps were all right, many said between the puffs of their cigars in their cosy clubs. They'd keep the Hun back! Stout fellows!

And now these same "stout fellows" are searching vainly for work, facing starvation, with a blaze of glory behind them and a future of—what?

"My wife has been discharged from hospital," writes one, "and I cannot afford the necessities she requires. I am an unemployed discharged soldier with a pension of 15s. I have to keep myself and wife and seven children—all under ten years of age. The eldest is suffering from consumption——"

The tragedy of it! Can you picture that house of suffering?

"I am only a labourer," writes another, "and what with being on the dole, it is very hard to make ends meet. I have been on the waiting list at the infirmary eighteen months for an operation for varicose veins, and now I have to lie up at home. My sole income is nine shillings a week from my approved society."

Only a labourer! Only a common Tommy! The chaps who never complaining, went through all the misery and blood of France for us.

Nine shillings a week! If someone had asked us way back in those days of the retreat—"What would you give to have our fellows stop 'em?" Would we have said "nine shillings"? Why, we swore that nothing was too good for these men.

"Repeated attacks of malaria," says another, "have made me unable to find work. I have been all over the world and will do anything. I am not entitled to the dole as I am an ex-officer."

And these are only three of the many cases we have helped this week. Equally pathetic are the letters of thanks for our efforts, but we prefer getting these to the appeals.

Won't *you* help us to extend a helping hand to such men and their dependents?

Every penny subscribed to "The Greatest of These——" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the administration expenses are borne gladly by JOHN BULL.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

S. T. Brown, 5s.; Anon., 1s., 10½d.; "Bricklayer's Lad," 6d.; O. J. R., 2s. 3d.; "Three Kisths" (Dorset), 1s. 3½d.; "Wootton" (Wight), 2s.; J. H., 2s. 9d.; A. J. (Fulham), 2s. 4d.,

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 494.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

MR. J. OXFORD,
11, Daux Road, Billingshurst, Sussex.

Example :—AT THE SEASIDE
Bullet :—MOON AFFECTS THE "UNTIED."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

MR. JASON THOMAS, 14, North Road, Ferndale, Glam.
Example :—ONLY JUST
Bullet :—REVEALING REASONS FOR REPRIEVE

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

MR. ARTHUR W. HOLE, 23, Yelverton Road, Mr. Tranmere, Birkenhead.
Example :—FASHIONABLE
Bullet :—FILLING STOCKING—FORGETTING STOCKINGLESS.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. A. HAYCROFT, 14, Old Elvet, Durham.
WHEN SHE STARTS—COOKING, NEWLYWED BUYS DOG.
(Sent on "Target" prize coupon.)

P. GILLETT, 6, Crouch View Terrace, Broughton Rd., Banbury, Oxon.
FASHIONABLE—LARGEST PEAR—SMALLEST FAMILY.

P. JACKSON, 54, Wallbutton Road, Brockley, S.E.4.
BLIND EYE—TO UNEMPLOYMENT, RAILWAY DIRECTORS.

TOM FENIGAN, 14, Norfolk Road, Erdington, B'ham.
SMALL TRADER—THEN GERMANY COULDN'T PAY.

Mrs. A. KNAPTON, 4, Crabtree Fold, Pudsey, Nr. Leeds.
WIFE AND CHILDREN—"IDOLS" REQUIRING CONSTANT "SACRIFICE."

Mrs. M. LEWIS, 52, Glasgow Street, Northampton.
NO EXCUSE—FOR PROHIBITION, MINORITY'S FOOLISHNESS.

Mrs. ELSIE MIDGLEY, 53, Bedford Street, Alexandra Park, Manchester.
BLIND EYE—GRUNDY'S—WHERE POOR UNDERCLAD.

C. E. WILLS, 4, Despenser Gardens, Cardiff.
LIVELY COMPANY—IF WINSTON MET POINCARE.

N. E. LAND, "Goodenstone," Buckingham Rd., Conisborough, Nr. Rotherham.
AFTER THE STORM—ENTENTE MUSTN'T DESTROY UMBRELLA.

LOUIS FINE, 63, Caedpennaen Road, Pontypridd, S. Wales.
MOST ROMANTIC—HAPPENINGS—NEVER DID HAPPEN.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Miss ELLA BENNETT, 21, Prospect Rd., Snakes Lane, Woodford Green.
HOMEWARD BOUND—THEN HOLIDAY APPEARS EXTRAVAGANCE.

GUY HILL, 13, Vineyard Road, Wellington, Salop.
ALONE—PARIS CHEF EXCLAIMED—"BLIMEY!"
(Sent in on "Target" prize coupon.)

Mrs. J. N. SWIFT, Tower Hill, ——, Sheffield.
(Please send full address).
AMATEUR DETECTIVE—TELEPHONE GIRL SHOULDN'T BECOME.

Mrs. AMELIA WALSH, 11, Mill Row, Cummersdale, Nr. Carlisle.
PAST LESSONS—MISTAKE TEACHER OFTEN MAKES.

J. W. MARSH, Cannington, Nr. Bridgwater, Som.
ONLY JUST—IN TIME, MANY RESIGNATIONS.

FRANK HARROP, 119, Mansfield St., Ashton-under-Lyne.
BRITAIN'S POLICY—PROTECTION—WHEN FARMERS RULED.

FRANK HOWARD, 59, Hanover Square, Bradford, Yorks.
AFTER THE STORM—HOUSE-AGENT CANCELS APPOINTMENT.

JOSEPH E. BLAKELEY, 16, Richmond Street, Walsall.
ON A POSTCARD—AMERICAN TOURIST DESCRIBES EUROPE.

J. STANLEY WILLIAMS, 24, Eton Rd., Newport, Mon.
HOW IT'S DONE—ONE NEWSPAPER—SEVERAL TIPSTERS.

Mrs. E. BAILEY, 34, Wigston Road, Plaistow, E.13.
AFTER THE STORM—EVERYBODY ADMIRED LIGHTING.
(Sent in on "Target" prize coupon.)

100 Prize-winners of £1:

V. B. Ball, 27, Wells Rd., Bath; C. E. Barber, Stanley Rd., Wivenhoe, Essex; G. Barrows, Hope Villa, Cottage Rd., Ramsgate; C. Bassett, 226, Edmonton Rd., South Norwood S.E.; Miss Bellwood, 3, The Larches, "Oaklands" Dalton, Huddersfield; G. W. Bennett, 127, Church Rd., Hardwick, Lopen; Mrs. A. Bevan, 56, Blenheim Rd., Gloucester; W. Bevan, Park Cottages, Old Knebworth, Herts; Mrs. F. Bond, Station Rd., Bosper, Nr. Chorley; G. Bowles, 321, Gladstone St., Peterborough; A. G. Bryant, 26, Ellesmere Rd., Victoria Park, E.; W. Bryant, 48, Eaton Av., Litherland, nr. Liverpool; E. A. Bunyat, 97, Spencer Rd., Lowestoft; W. M. Chatterley, Harrington, Frodsham; E. Clarkson, 1, The Poplars, Gosforth; H. Clayton, Newtown, Malvern; Mrs. Constantine, 25, Oak Rd., Nr. Crumlaud, W/c.; R. Derbyshire, 14, Bolton Old Rd., Atherton, Nr. M/c.; H. Dewey, 32, Northgate St., Bury St. Edmunds; Mrs. M. Dexter, Scotlandwell, Lingwood, Beaumaris; H. Dixon, 32, South St., Rochdale; H. Dowson, Ridgehill, Caterham Valley; Mrs. M. Emelie, 210, Old Lodge Rd., Bristol; R. V. Finlay, 1, Westfield Place, Saltcoats, Ayrshire; Miss M. Frampton, 4, Clarhall Rd., Alverstoke, Gosport; W. Francis, Walpole Cross Keys, Kings Lynn; E. Franklin, 102, Adnitt Rd., Northampton; F. C. Fraggett, 16, Sec.R.N.O.C. Depot, Ryde; Mrs. E. Gill, Chantry, Frome, Som.; A. Glover, 128, Catherine Rd., Leicester; C. A. Goodhurst, 92, Fulmer St., Liverpool; A. E. Green, 21, St. Paul's Rd., Shildon; C. E. Gudge, 7, Stanley Pl., Bond St., Bridport; J. Halstead, 4, Church St., Harley Wood, Todmorden; F. Hambley, Married Girls' W.T.B. Recreation Quarters, Wareham; W. Harris, 51, Penhale Rd., Paignton; Miss F. Harvey, "Wantage" Kenilworth, Warwicks; Mrs. J. Hayman, 44, Princess St., Belliston, Nr. Macclesfield; A. O. Henderson, 146, Queen's Rd., Altrincham; H. Hickson, 134, Hunstanton Rd., Grimsby; C. J. Hill, Chantry Bungalow, Cotton, Stowmarket, Suffolk; J. Hindle, c.o L.M. and S. Rly. Station, St. Moorse, Bolton; Mrs. Hobson, 12, Cranage Av., Barnsley; J. Hughes, 4, High St., Tregarth, Penrhyncoch; A. Humphries, 8, Parkhall St., Liverpool; Miss M. R. Ilman, 3, College Square, College Green, Bristol; A. H. Ireland, 51, Blythswood Rd., Pinner, Middx.; E. J. Irvine, 4, Cumnock Rd., Hurst, Glasgow; H. Jamieson, 29, Alma Terrace, Pastord Rd., York; Mrs. G. Jones, 127, Main St., Barlby-in-Wheatdale, Yorks; E. Johnson, London Orphanage School, Watford; E. T. Jones, "Kimberley," Bamford, F.O.W.; Sam Jones, 35, Courtney St., Manchester, Swansea; M. T. Jones, Brit Cottage, Bethesda, Chapel, Crewe; E. Kelly, 31, Cumberland Rd., Clapham Common, S.W.; E. E. Kirby, 66, The Crescent, Mordiscombe, Brighton; A. J. Lawson, 68, Windmill Hill, Bexhill; G. Lees, 72, Winifred Rd., Heaviley, Stockport; A. J. Leonard, 10, Lennox Rd., Worthing; I. Lowe, 10, South Scarbro' St., West Hartlepool; H. Lucas, Railwaymen's Institute, L.M. & S. Rly., Euston; C. W. Moore, 107, Dickens Rd., Mile End, Portsmouth; G. G. Morris, 2, Nelson St., Llanfrechfa Welle; E. A. Myers, 47, Charlton Lane, Charlton, Kent; L. Nash, 78, Hillside Rd., S. Tottenham, N.; Miss G. O. Newton, 84, Gallinger Rd., G.V. Hospital, S. Wales; Miss M. Oddy, 58a, Whitley Road, Palmersville, Nr. M/c.; J. R. Owen, 1, Church St., Abergavenny; W. Penny, 33, Regent St., Southampton; J. G. Pepper, Adelaide Station, Dunsmuir; S. Pettit, 33, Montpelier Rd., Ecclesdon; Miss L. G. Pimlott, Penshurst Rd., Bexley, Kent; W. A. Pope, 27, Rose Rd., Abertridwr, Nr. Cardiff; E. C. Quinton, 68, Alma St., South Shields; Miss W. Richardson, 92, Dorchester Rd., Weymouth; S. L. Ridgewell, 7, Westbourne Square, Paddington, W.; R. A. Roberts, R.G.I. Ward, Royal Sea Bathing Hospital, Margate; J. Rogers, Bay Bank, Castle Way, Ramsgate, Kent; E. Rose, 96, Cardwell St., Cathay Town, S.W.; P. Rothwell, 9, Pitmyrtle, Alstead Moor; W. G. Rumley, 19, New Wortley, Old Chesterfield; F. C. Seymour, 4, Beaconsfield Rd., Southend; F. Shaw, 61, Pendyrrell Rd., Perth, Glam.; V. Shorten, 12, King St., Devonport; C. Smallridge, 52, Lockier Rd., Westonsuper-Mare; J. Smith, 4, Globe St., Ballymena, Antrim, N.I.; Mrs. E. L. Smith, Greyhound Inn, Dunsmore, Chesterfield; E. Stevenson, 29, Barrack Hill, Armagh, Ulster; Mrs. Summers, 27, Queen Rd., Coventry; V. Tait, 101, Hedgley House, Seven Sisters, Glam.; E. Taylor, 51, Vicarage Lower Street, S.W.; H. Taylor, 51, Victoria Rd., Thetford, Norfolk; A. W. Thorpe, 21, Wellington Rd., Caterham; R. Tozer, 17, North Av., Cowbridge, Glam.; Mrs. Trimbridge, Nr. Huddersfield; G. Tryer, 12, Potters Lane, Wednesbury, Staffs; H. Tuck, 54, Mount Road, Guernsey; W. Wardman, 15, Carpenters St., Stonehouse, Lanarkshire; J. S. Warren, c/o Parliament Boot Works, Stockton-on-Tees; W. Whittle, 97, Downall Green Rd., Ince, Nr. Wigan; W. Woolsey, 19, Clevemont Rd., Cricklewood, N.W.; L. J. Young, 2, West Park Terr., Scarborough.

(Continued in next Column.)

(Continued from previous column.)

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

10 £5 | 10 £2 10 | 200 £5 | 500 £2 6 | 4000 £1

2nd. Prize £20 | 3rd. Prize £10

100 PRIZES OF £1

NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £1,000.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 496.

EUROPE'S PLIGHT
THE NEW CHANCELLOR
SEEING DAYLIGHT
OVERPAID
FIRST THING
QUITE A CHANGE
BOSELY MANAGED
HITTING THE BAR
ANOTHER TRY
GOING ROUND
WHERE TO LOOK
NOT EXISTING
ON THE TRACK
COMING ALONG
BANISHED
ONE DAY
SOCIALISM
MOTHER'S DARLING
IN THE GALLERY
COLD RECEPTION
INTOXICATED
OLD FOOL
SOFT JOB
EXPECTING A LOT
HER HUSBAND
A DAMPER
DRIVING HOME
ON HER SHOULDERS
COLLECTING
COST OF LIVING
BROKEN DOWN
AT THE WHEEL

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—A MOCKERY *Bullet*:—HOUSELESS BRICKLAYER DRAWING DOLE. *Example*:—SURE THING *Bullet*:—"WINDFALL" SAVES "CLIMBING TREE." *Example*:—YOUNG MAN'S FANCY *Bullet*:—IF PRINCE WEARS IT. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 496, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 13.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(496) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 13.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(496) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 13.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(496) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 13.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(496) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 494 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 496 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 493 can now be seen at Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Bookstall, High Barnet Station, L.N.E. Rly.

"Bullets" Rules will be found on page 26.

A personal appeal to YOU

LIFEBUOY SOAP

USE Lifebuoy Soap and let your mirror reflect health when you look into it.

Users of Lifebuoy not only look well but they feel well, because Lifebuoy promotes health as well as cleanliness. The pure oils from which it is made are cleansing and emollient, whilst its antiseptic properties leave the pores of the skin protected against disease.

Something more than cleanliness is needed to give you that radiant look of health. Lifebuoy Soap provides that extra something in the judicious combination of a proven antiseptic with a good soap.

Wash face and hands with it—bathe with it —shampoo with it. For use in the sickroom.

The name **LEVER** *on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*

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